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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . *Page* 381
HOW 1918 LOOKS IN 1932 384
CYNICISM AND SENTIMENTALITY IN AMERICA. By Herbert Agar 385
THE FRENCH ELECTION AND DISARMAMENT . 386
THE IMPERIALIST. By MacFlecknoe . . . 387
THE BOY AND THE CAR. By Y.Y. . . . 387
CORRESPONDENCE 388
From Montague Fordham; R. C. Steele; Sir Wemyss Grant-Wilson; A Public School Chaplain; N. A. Callender; Agnes Mure Mackenzie; A. C. Harwood; A. Lancaster Smith; H. C. B.
TO PASQUE-FLOWERS. By G. Rostrevor Hamilton 391
TEMPLE TENANTS. By Stella Benson . . . 391
GADARA. By W. N. Ewer 392
FASHIONS IN FILMS. By Francis Birrell . . 392
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . Page 393
AN OPEN LETTER TO FRANK SWINNERTON. By R. Ellis Roberts.. 394
REVIEWS:
German Poets. By Richard Church . . . 395
Agricultural Progress 396
Nineteenth Century Poets. By Peter Quennell 396
The Historical Whig 397
Revolution as a Fine Art 398
A Liberal Socialist 398
SHORTER NOTICES 399
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Constant Lambert. . 399
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 400
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 402

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THE stage is set for a first-class Anglo-Irish row. The legal quibbles are the least important aspect of the matter. When a treaty is not a treaty or an oath not an oath, whether the obligation to take the oath is really laid down in an agreement which gives the form of the oath or only in a law which the Irish Dail can repeal unilaterally—these may be the subject, but not the real substance, of contention for many months. As for the question of land annuities it is really one of commercial good faith. There are times when it is necessary to repudiate obligations, but Ireland is not bankrupt. Again, it is not very important whether Mr. De Valera was responsible for the form of words he is now intending to abolish or whether his memory of what occurred is as good as that of Mr. Lloyd George. The serious question is whether Mr. De Valera or anyone else wants to reopen a bitter controversy. Behind all this is the fact that Mr. De Valera is taking steps towards the complete severance of Ireland from the British Commonwealth of Nations. If the majority of Irish people are really behind him, they must have their way. But then, Mr. De Valera talks about the possible benefits to be got from Ottawa. Can it be that he has not counted the cost?

* * *

Sir John Simon, having learnt from Rudyard Kipling "of the dangers that lie in wait for anyone who tries to hustle the East," now congratulates himself and the League on not hustling the Japanese. His complacency is like that of a policeman who watches a street fight and talks thankfully of the probability that sooner or later the combatants will leave off fighting and the stronger keep the spoils. What ground has he for telling the House of Commons that the League has gathered "authority and strength" from its handling of the situation? On four occasions it has demanded that the troops should be withdrawn, but Japan remains in Manchuria and the troops are still in and around Shanghai. It is, of course, to the good that there is now a prospect that some of them will soon withdraw from Shanghai. Meanwhile the Japanese have virtually annexed Manchuria. Sir John's comment is that "it may be so, but that no one is entitled to say so, except Japan." Obviously Japan will never say so. Sir John conveniently forgets that by the League Assembly's resolution of March 11th, the British Government, along with other Governments, committed itself to the view that no territorial changes brought about in Manchuria in contravention of Article 10 of the Covenant and of the Kellogg Pact could be recognised. He turns a blind eye to the unpleasant facts that Manchuria has been occupied; that the League authority has been flouted and that the League cannot claim success in dealing with the dispute in the Far East as long as the present situation in Manchuria continues.

* * *

M. Tardieu's extremely vague proposals for the creation of some sort of economic unit out of the five "Danubian" States, Hungary, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Rumania, have not had an altogether bad press, but not unnaturally they have been received with some suspicion and a good many of what the professional diplomatist calls "reservations." The first thing which strikes the spectator with no axe to grind is why, if the real object in view is the rehabilitation of the economic life of the "Danubian" States, should Bulgaria be excluded? It is absurd to pretend that Bulgaria has no part to play in the trade and economic relations of South-eastern Europe. But whatever the motives behind the proposals they are to be welcomed, and we are glad to know that the British Government views the principle of these proposals with favour. In the hectic days after the war every patriot was busy balkanising Europe, and the Danubian Federation was ridiculed as the dream of pacific cranks. The last ten years have shown that economic balkanisation does not pay and that there was a good deal of sense in the pacifist idea of a Federation. That M. Tardieu should be moving in that direction is remarkable, and he should be encouraged to keep on moving, even if his movements have to be watched rather carefully.

* * *

Step by step, Germany's financial difficulties are leading to the growth of a kind of bureaucratic State Socialism based on emergency laws and decrees. A few months ago, the Reich Government was compelled to take a hand in the financial reorganisation of the German banks. The great German shipping lines are now to undergo a similar process of reconstruction. In both cases the existing capital is drastically written down, and fresh liquid resources are provided with the aid of the Government, through one of the subsidiary financial corporations under its control. The German Government is itself so short of resources that there is great difficulty in finding any money at all for such purposes. But it would soon be still worse off if the great business concerns were allowed to collapse. They have to be propped up somehow, however much the resources of the Reich may be strained in the process. Inevitably, the effect is to place the control of industrial as well as financial policy more and more in the Government's hands. Germany becomes more Socialistic, not of choice but of necessity, and under conditions which give its Socialistic institutions very little chance of working well. But, even if economic conditions were again to become more normal, it would not be easy to undo what has been done. Germany is already half-socialised, but unhappily not for the benefit of the German people, but only as part of a desperate struggle to meet her external obligations.

* * *

The Ottawa Conference Committee of the Cabinet met on Tuesday. That Conference is due to start in mid-July, and as the date approaches the difficulties and dangers of bargaining within the Empire become more apparent. Ministers, we are told, are firmly refusing to be drawn into discussion of future commercial policy with any foreign countries, though some of these have recently been "more and more importunate." In plain language, the opportunity for securing reductions in foreign tariffs is being lost, in order that our hands may be free at Ottawa; and, unless the Conference is a complete failure, the opportunity will never recur. The whole project is intended to produce binding arrangements with the Dominions which will preclude us from making tariff adjustments with foreign countries. And what a sinister prospect of family bickering is opened up by Ottawa! Is it really supposed that, in return for some concessions to steel manufacturers, we shall give a preference to Canada which cannot be extended to South Africa? The Empire could not long survive a deal of that kind. And what of India? Is the British Government going to make a bargain with itself in the name of India? If so, it will come violently into collision with Indian sentiment, which has always been opposed to the principle of preference. Yet the only alternative seems to be to extend "most favoured Dominion treatment" to India, while leaving her free to raise tariffs against us. In every respect, Ottawa means danger. The sound alternative would be to offer free trade to any Dominion or foreign country which will give us free trade in return.

* * *

The latest attempt to re-establish control over the production of rubber seems to have definitely broken down. It was obvious, after the collapse of the Stevenson scheme, that no plan for restricting output would have a chance of success unless it included the Dutch as well as the British producers. For one marked result of the late restriction in Malaya was the stimulation of output, both by natives and on plantations, in the Dutch East Indies. Since then, there have been repeated attempts to get the Dutch and British growers together, and not long ago it was being hopefully announced that a new and extended restriction plan was well in sight. The Dutch and British growers were meeting in order to arrange terms, and it was confidently stated that both Governments would be ready to back an agreed scheme by the exercise of compulsory powers. But now it is officially announced in both Holland and Great Britain that the scheme has broken down. One more attempt to meet the glut of primary products resulting from the world crisis by the device of concerted restriction of output has thus gone west. The hope of a sensational upward movement of rubber prices has had to be given up by the speculators who were standing by waiting for the word "Go." We cannot pretend to be sorry; for, though there is a case for regulating the output of rubber, the experience of the Stevenson scheme was far from encouraging. Moreover, fundamentally, restriction is the wrong way of coping with the crisis, which needs to be met by increasing consumption rather than by a further curtailment of output.

* * *

Mr. Runciman has this week addressed a very important letter to Mr. Thomas Barlow, the chairman of the Joint Committee which has been trying to carry through a scheme for the reorganisation of the cotton trade. It will be remembered that a few months ago a scheme was drawn up and submitted to all the employers for their vote. The result was inconclusive, and it looked as if the entire plan, like so many before it, would be allowed to drop, because there was clearly a large enough recalcitrant minority to make it unworkable without the use of compulsory powers. But now, according to Mr. Runciman, the Government is prepared to consider favourably the granting of these powers, if a sufficient section of the industry wants them applied. This puts a new complexion on the whole matter. The advocates of the scheme will certainly now make a renewed effort to get a sufficient basis of consent. The plan is for a compulsory levy on all employers and the use of the proceeds to buy up redundant machinery and put it out of action. This would enable the available orders to be concentrated at the more efficient works, with some considerable effect in reducing costs. It is of course only another restriction scheme, and, as such, *prima facie* suspect. But the cotton industry is a special case, since no one anticipates that its plant would be fully employed even if normal world prosperity were fully restored.

* * *

It is all very well for the managers of the four main-line railways to meet with four leaders of the road transport industry in an attempt to adjust their differences. But why describe such a meeting, even under an impartial chairman, as a committee of inquiry into road and rail transport? For where, in their discussions, is the public to come in? And who is to represent the interests of the workers? One complaint of the railways against the road contractors is that they give, in many cases, worse pay and conditions than the railways are compelled to concede. Even apart from this any discussion of the conflicting claims of road and rail is bound to raise any number of problems in which the employees of both services are deeply concerned. Moreover, the public, whom both forms of transport exist to serve, cannot leave them to come to agreement without considering its interests. The Minister of Transport will doubtless say that any conclusions reached will have to be submitted to him and to Parliament before action is taken upon them. But why not have the whole problem inquired into in the first place by a body broad enough to represent the consumers as well as the producers, and the workers as well as the employers? There seems to be a new fashion in Commissions and Committees in these days by which working-class representation is definitely dropped. Will someone kindly explain on what principle the membership of the present Committee has been selected?

* * *

On Tuesday the House of Commons, by 176 votes to 123, gave a first reading to Sir William Davison's Sweepstakes Bill. The Bill is designed to legalise sweepstakes for charitable or philanthropic purposes, when held under conditions approved by the Home Office. Its introduction is, of course, no more than a gesture; the Bill will be printed and circulated, and there will be an end of it. But the fact that leave has been given for its introduction is not without significance. It suggests that public opinion has been definitely impressed by the evident success of the Irish experiment. No doubt repeated disappointment—the inevitable lot of the great majority—will in time dull the edge of the Irish Sweep's attractiveness; but before that happens much money may yet cross the Channel; it will not be surprising if subscriptions to the Derby Sweep total £5,000,000. Under these circumstances—and apart altogether from the special problems of the hospitals—there are cogent economic reasons for the legalisation of lotteries; if people are resolved to go to perdition they might as well do so without upsetting the trade balance. At any rate the time seems ripe for another of those Committees—consisting, say, of one sporting peer, one actuary and one representative of the "unco' guid"—which will restate for us what we know already in the pontifical accents of Whitehall. We may expect to see lotteries made legal in the course of the next decade.

* * *

How many people realise that fortunes are being made in Europe out of arming China and Japan? The German press is supplying some interesting details. The names of the ships with their dates of sail are given: they show that large freights of explosives, bombs, machine-guns, aeroplane parts and revolvers have left the harbours of the Elbe bound for Japan during February. The Skoda factories in Czechoslovakia sent 700 boxes of munitions *via* Hamburg to Japan and on the following day a Norwegian steamer, *Zoward*, took 4,000 boxes of explosives from Germany on its way to Japan. And so on from day to day. The German chemical industry has sent huge quantities of acid to Japan for making explosives and in one case 2,600 crates of chemicals were declared as "pianos." The Skoda works in Czechoslovakia, which are controlled by the Schneider Creusot firm in France, have already done well out of this war. Already 18,000 bombs and 2,300 gas bombs have been shipped to Japan. The Japanese Military Commission was in Czechoslovakia in February and this visit is probably not unconnected with the big contract for bombs to be shipped *via* Trieste on which the Skoda works were busy shortly afterwards. In France, the Schneider works at Creusot have received a contract for 20 heavy tanks and the French automobile factory at Dijon is making 4,000 heavy aeroplane bombs for Japan. In Poland, the Japanese have given contracts to firms in Eastern Upper Silesia amounting to more than 3,000,000 dollars. From the United States, according to a declaration made in the House of Representatives, munitions worth 180,000,000 dollars have been shipped to Japan. Great Britain has only had a small share in this traffic. During December, 1931, munitions valued £29,648 and during January valued £12,285 were sold to Japan. One is not surprised that there are forces in the press and elsewhere directly working to prevent agreement about disarmament at Geneva.

The weekly problems set by Caliban have proved very attractive, as witness the number of solvers who, week by week, have sent in solutions without other incentive than Caliban acknowledgments. We have decided to offer, quarterly, prizes of £3 3s., £2 2s. and £1 1s. for the best sets of solutions submitted during the quarter. The competition will begin with the puzzle to be set next Saturday, April 2nd. Solutions must reach this office each week not later than mid-day on Thursday and should be addressed to "Caliban." The Editor's decision in regard to doubtful points must be accepted as final.

HOW 1918 LOOKS IN 1932

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, like other famous men before him, has written his own epitaph—or perhaps rather the jotted notes for the witty and eloquent speech he will make to the Recording Angel when his time arrives. Meanwhile, *The Truth About Reparations and War Debts* (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.) is to serve the world for a sermon, witty if not so eloquent (for Mr. Lloyd George speaks far better than he writes), upon the causes of its present ills. He is very well aware what these causes are, and he has the satisfaction of knowing in advance that nearly all his countrymen will be ready to endorse most of his positive proposals. But he is not so sure they will readily receive these proposals at his hands, or exonerate him of having led them into the wilderness out of which he is now minded to point the way. His book is therefore fully as much a personal *apologia* as a programme of action.

Nearly everyone in Great Britain agrees in wishing that all war debts and reparations may be cancelled. Financially we stand to gain; for we are more likely to pay America than the Germans or the French are to pay us. Indirectly, we stand to gain even more plainly; for we have a tremendous interest in the prosperity of Europe, and prosperity is impossible as long as Europe is enmeshed in a tangle of unpayable debts.

In arguing for complete cancellation, therefore, Mr. Lloyd George has British opinion already on his side. But his book is clearly addressed at least as much to other countries as to Great Britian—above all, to the American public. And in the United States, it is necessary to bear in mind, British arguments in favour of cancellation carry the less weight because they so obviously square with British interests. "Of course the British want cancellation," say the Americans: "they would be fools if they did not. But is that any reason why we should give it them?"

The answer must be that, taken by itself, it is not any reason. The case for cancellation is not that it will benefit Great Britain, but that it will benefit the world. It is on this basis that Mr. Lloyd George argues throughout his book. He urges, too, that America should make her willingness to agree to cancellation conditional on real European disarmament—which is the only basis on which the public opinion of America will ever be brought to accept it. As long as the States of Europe continue to arm one against another for a future war they have no valid ground—no matter how many Disarmament Conferences they may hold—for appealing to the United States to remit their debts. The man who can afford a fleet of Rolls-Royces cannot expect to find his creditors ready to take nothing in the pound; and armies and navies are a good deal worse than Rolls-Royces, because they threaten others besides their owners with the danger of bankruptcy. Mr. Lloyd George is perfectly right to link thorough disarmament with cancellation. Here not all his countrymen will agree with him. Is Mr. MacDonald really more prepared than M. Tardieu to offer real disarmament as a *quid pro quo* for cancellation at Lausanne? Have we not heard in Parliament this last week or two the lamentations of his henchmen over the deplorable inadequacy of the Service estimates?

Here then Mr. Lloyd George is ahead of that section of British opinion which is pleased to call itself "National." But has he the right to stand now on the side of the angels, at all events without the covering of a white sheet? For the other angels are not a little disposed to suspect that the bard from Wales has not come by his harp and wings by honest means. They seem to remember a time when he sang a different tune, and made a great popular hit with their old variety favourites "Hanging the Kaiser" and "Make Germany Pay." Was it not the Welsh comedian, before he joined the angelic choir, who joined in a chorus about "making the pipe squeak"?

No, it was not. Mr. Lloyd George is quite positive on that point. It was some other fellow—a Frenchman, of course—who sang that tune. Mr. Lloyd George was always anxious to make the Germans pay as much as they possibly could. He fully admits that. But he never shared in the extravagant expectations current for some time after 1918 about what the Germans could actually pay. It was largely through his influence that no attempt was made to assess Germany's liability in the Versailles Treaty where it would certainly have been put at a perfectly ridiculous figure. It was largely through him that the Treaty was so drafted as to admit, within its terms, any amount of scaling-down and cancellation to which the Allies would subsequently be brought to agree. It was not his fault that the Americans refused to sign the Treaty, and thus removed from the Reparations Commission and from Allied conferences the voice most likely to stand for moderation and impartiality.

This is Mr. Lloyd George's case. Most of it is true. No more than M. Briand or M. Clemenceau did he really believe all the fudge about making Germany pay that was being handed out to the Allied publics when the Treaties were made. And he did, as Mr. Keynes recognises in his books, try to make the clauses dealing with reparations rather less ridiculous than they were in danger of being. He is on strong ground, too, when he argues that some of the experts who were called in to advise were even sillier than the politicians. He quotes a report signed just after war by Lord Cunliffe, then Governor of the Bank of England, Professor Harris, and other notables, in which it is stated that "the Committee have certainly no reason to suppose that Enemy Powers could not provide £1,200,000,000 per annum as interest [on a capital debt for Reparations of £24,000,000,000] when normal conditions are restored." Ye Gods! Even the politicians were never quite such fools as that. Even Mr. Lloyd George knew better than Lord Cunliffe that it mattered how many noughts you stick on at the end of a sum. So far, he is entitled to his harp and wings. But are they to be purchased quite as cheaply as that?

Not quite; for Mr. Lloyd George writes of the Versailles Treaty as if there were nothing in it except the clauses about reparations. But quite half the difficulty of getting war debts cancelled arises out of these other clauses. What kept the Americans from signing? Certainly not the provision about reparations. At least in part it was the feeling that the other parts of the Treaty were radically wrong, and no possible foundation for a durable peace. The partitioning of the

German Empire, the equivocations of the system of mandates, the manifest determination to insist on unilateral disarmament; the manœuvrings and mutual jealousies of the Allied Powers—these were not the only, nor perhaps the main, reasons why the Americans stood aloof. But they have been, ever since, a powerful justification of the American attitude. You annexed a large part of the world as a result of the war, say the Americans to us and to the French. You collared your shares of the swag in that form. Why should we, who had no share at all in causing the war, as you both did in one way or another, let you off your debts to us?

Mr. Lloyd George cannot escape his responsibility for these other clauses, or even for the clauses dealing with reparations, though the Treaty might have been worse still but for his influence. Mr. Keynes wrote his true and only possible *apologia* as early as 1921, in the opening pages of *A Revision of the Treaty*:

> Mr. Lloyd George took the responsibility for a Treaty of Peace which was not wise, which was partly impossible, and which endangered the life of Europe. He may defend himself by saying that he knew that it was not wise and was partly impossible and endangered the life of Europe; but that public passions and public ignorance play a part in the world of which he who aspires to lead a democracy must take account; that the Peace of Versailles was the best momentary settlement which the demands of the mob and the characters of the chief actors conjoined to permit; and for the life of Europe that he has spent his skill and strength for two years in avoiding or moderating the dangers.

Such claims, as Mr. Keynes insisted, "would be partly true and cannot be brushed away." But Mr. Lloyd George himself is not quite prepared to couch his public *apologia* in these terms, though between the lines it can be read that his own view of his conduct is not far from that of Mr. Keynes. But he has still to white-wash himself by blackening others. M. Poincaré deserves all the nasty things Mr. Lloyd George says of him (they are very nasty indeed); but the man who knew better, and did not plainly tell the world at the time, needs, if not a white sheet, at least a consciousness that he has a very great deal to explain away. Mr. Lloyd George's explanation, as it stands, is not enough.

Still, he is on the right side now; and no sensible person but wants to make as little as possible of the past. The world, as well as Great Britain, needs cancellation; and there are only two sources from which it can come—America or world-catastrophe. If it is to be the former, the Americans will have to be convinced; and we shall not convince them unless we understand their case. It is futile to howl at the folly ventilated in the American Congress, for the more we howl, the more folly will be talked. Europe will have to be ready, not only with an agreed scheme for cancelling reparations, but also with an effective determinaton both to disarm and to throw other parts of the Versailles Treaty besides the reparations clauses into the melting-pot before the conditions will be ripe for American participation in a new constructive world settlement, or for a stable recovery from the present world depression. Reparations and war debts, even *plus* tariffs and armaments, are not the only devils besetting the path. The worse devil of Imperialist rivalry is behind all these, and egging them on. But Mr. Lloyd George, if he sees this does not say so. He is still "the Man Who Won the War"; and he will not yet admit how thoroughly he lost the peace. Therefore, we fear, his book will not convince the Americans, or much impress neutral opinion anywhere. For neutral and American opinion does not think of war debts and reparations as a separate problem, but of the whole Treaty and the disastrous spirit behind it that is still ruling the world. That spirit we must exorcise, with or without Mr. Lloyd George's help.

CYNICISM AND SENTIMENTALITY IN AMERICA

EDGAR WALLACE'S *Smoky Cell* was based on the idea that a New York gangster devised the final, logical "racket," namely, that rich men should be frightened into paying for permission to stay alive. At the time, I wrote that though this was a good idea for a play it was not true to life, that the gangsters would never dare touch this "perfect racket," because it was the one thing that would unite public opinion against them. In the past year, however (whether or not they took the hint from Edgar Wallace), the "perfect racket" has come into being, and the rich, terrorised by kidnappings, are now beginning to give tribute for their lives. And public opinion has not been roused to effective protest. Nevertheless, ever since the coming of this "racket" those who knew America would have said that one rich family was safe, the family of Lindbergh, the nation's hero. If the criminal classes were afraid of nothing and nobody else, it seemed that they must be afraid of the popular uprising that a molestation of the Lindberghs would cause. But the Lindbergh baby is gone, and the chief fury that the public shows is a fury of sentimentality. There are stories of directors' meetings that are opened by a minute of silent prayer for the vanished baby; but there are no signs of a movement towards the root and branch reform of American public life, a movement that is needed if the United States is to rebuild a civilisation superior to that in the Balkans. Once again the gangsters have done the seemingly intolerable thing, and once again it is being borne.

What is the meaning of the sudden decline of the United States to a place of inferiority (so far as government and the institutions of civilisation are concerned) as compared with almost any other white man's nation? Is it the American morale or the American system of government that has broken down? Much has been written about the shortcomings of the American Government: the leaderlessness that results from the separation between executive and legislature, the degradation of the "spoils system" in appointments to office, the dangers from the political affiliations of the police and of the judiciary, etc. And much has been written of the evils of Prohibition, which makes most men conspirators to defeat the law and gives criminals the incomes of corporation presidents. But no such explanations can account for the suddenness of the American collapse. Before such a fate could befall a great nation the public mind must have been struck with moral and intellectual blindness. And this is precisely what has happened to America, as the story of the past eighteen years will show. It is a friendly act to draw attention to this story; for one of the worst features of such a situation is that a nation grows accustomed gradually to the gathering evil (as a man grows accustomed to his own increasing fatness) and does not realise what is taking place until it is too late.

Between 1884 and 1912 a great reform came over American public life. The former date represents the turn of the tide against the corruption that followed the Civil War. For nearly thirty years thereafter a strenuous fight was waged. In literature it was carried on by the so-called "muckrakers," such as Miss Ida Tarbell, who exposed the

Standard Oil Company, and Mr. Upton Sinclair, who attempted to expose everything. In politics there were many leaders, for the issue cut across party lines. Cleveland, La Follette, Bryan, and Roosevelt all helped to create public opinion that demanded reform. And finally, in 1912, the movement had gone so far that the Democratic Party dared nominate a notoriously sincere and able and high-purposed man. Because Roosevelt, in the same year, split the Republican Party in two, Woodrow Wilson was not only nominated, but elected. And he not only promised reforms, but he put them into effect, arousing public opinion to a point where it was proud to see American politics made clean. Naturally, the men who were then middle-aged or over, and who had supported political reform throughout their adult lives, felt that the work was done. Equally naturally, the younger generation was beginning to get bored with the catchphrases of "reform," and to look upon Wilson as more of a prig than a prophet. Even in favourable circumstances it would have been hard to hold the ground that had been won, with the older men inclined to relax and the younger men to sneer. And then, less than a year and a half after Wilson came to office, the circumstances became the most unfavourable that could be dreamed of. The world war began, and for two and a half years the United States made money at an alarming rate—and when the Devil grows rich "the Devil a saint is he." Then a year and a half of war, with the usual demoralising social consequences; and then (with only one brief interruption) ten years of calamitous prosperity—unearned and misunderstood and made into an excuse for everything "American." Meanwhile, Prohibition was making the concept of reform, and indeed the law itself, a mockery. (It should be remembered that the Lindbergh baby is but one of many hundred kidnapping cases in the past year.) What chance had the new and hardly won political virtue against the inevitable cynical reaction, when that reaction was strengthened by such forces as these? The answer may be read in the story of the Harding administration. One anecdote will illustrate the wretched relapse from the mood of the first years under Wilson. One of Wilson's most startling acts of equity was to introduce a Bill to pay the Republic of Colombia £5,000,000 as reparation for Panama, which Roosevelt had wrested from her by means of what he called a "most just and proper revolution." The world war intervened before Wilson had a chance to push the Bill through. Attention was now diverted from home affairs, and Wilson could no longer mobilise public opinion in favour of anything so dull as justice to Panama; therefore the Senate blocked the Bill. But in 1921, under the Harding administration, it was discovered that Colombia had rich oil concessions to offer and that they might go to British interests. So the Harding Government did for oil what Wilson would have done for honour, and Colombia got her five millions. And America smiled at the irony.

The worst of all this relapse is that young America has taken it as a cynical joke, while the older generation (unable to admit that its good work must be done again) has protected itself by denying the facts. I know few Americans over fifty who can be brought to admit the obvious and shocking truth. The young men do not bother to deny; they are content to jibe. American literature to-day is more urbane and more sophisticated than at the time of the "muckrakers," but it has the high odour of decay. On the stage and in all "smart" writing the dominant note is sarcasm—the one sterile form of satire. It does not attack abuses, it makes knowing reference to them; it does not call for reform, because reform (like all things else) is ridiculous.

There will be no stopping the decline and fall of the United States until this mood changes. And the mood will not change until America is forced by horror from within and criticism from without to face the facts. To laugh at them is as good a way of ignoring them as is the most moonfaced optimism. The one hopeful thing about the Lindbergh tragedy is that not even young America can laugh at it.

Herbert Agar.

THE FRENCH ELECTION AND DISARMAMENT

Unlike the last election—which was chiefly a *plébiscite* for or against M. Poincaré's financial policy—the present French election will not be fought on any very clearly defined issue. No doubt the parties of the Left will make electoral capital out of the present economic crisis and blame the Government for it. The Government will respond by talking about the gold reserve in the Bank of France. The Communists will win votes in the industrial districts where unemployment is widespread; but their advance will be hampered by the two-ballot system. They are the only party in France whose parliamentary representation is quite out of proportion to the votes polled. Now that the Mandel Bill for the suppression of the second ballot has definitely fallen through, an increase in the Socialist and Radical votes can also be expected—partly because of the economic crisis and widespread discontent, and partly because the "swing of the pendulum" always plays a certain part in French elections. However, it is too early to attempt an accurate forecast. The by-elections of the past two years have shown a slight swing to the Left, but no more.

Disarmament, and questions of foreign policy generally, will be among the chief topics of electoral discussion, but it may be seriously doubted whether they will be decisive issues. With the exception of the extreme Right and the extreme Left, the great mass of "moderate" French opinion holds no very clear or strong views on disarmament. It may safely be said that this main body of French opinion treats disarmament with suspicion.

The extreme Right is, of course, spending a great deal of money on perfectly candid anti-disarmament propaganda. The powerful propagandist organisation, headed by M. de Kerillis of the *Echo de Paris*, supported by the aristocracy, the clergy, and by "anonymous" donors of millions of francs, has printed thousands of copies of a poster which has already become familiar to everybody in France. It shows a map of France with four German armies marching into it. "France," it says, "has been invaded four times in a century; Vote against the Cartel and against Disarmament." (To this the Socialists reply that France herself has invaded her neighbours *six* times during the same period.) This war-menace propaganda has a wide appeal, especially in Paris and in Eastern France; but it is probably not nearly as wide as one may imagine. For instance, M. Coty's *Ami du Peuple*, though it is read by thousands of French workers—simply because it is sold at 15 centimes—does not seem to have converted any of them to M. Coty's extravagant views. On the other extreme there is the Socialist Party. Leaving aside the Communists, it is the only party which has openly declared itself in favour of disarmament. The Socialists are carrying out an effective campaign; the keynote of their propaganda is "No more War"—"*Non, plus jamais ça!*" They have put aside all the elaborate technical, ideological and political arguments in favour of disarmament; instead, they are trying to appeal to the simple imagination of the people by recalling the horror of war. They accuse the munition firms—M. Kerillis's "anonymous" donors!—of opposing disarmament and of trying to reap a rich harvest by provoking another war. During the past few months the Socialist *Populaire* has been publishing daily extracts from gruesome war books, together with pictures of rotting corpses and of horribly disfigured war invalids, "*Non, plus jamais ça!*" The Nationalists, of course, say that the recurrence of all these horrors can be prevented only by a strong French army.

These are the two extreme views on disarmament—the Socialist view which is favourable, and the extreme Right view which is blatantly hostile. Between these two groups there is the "mass" of French opinion, stretching from the Radicals on the Left to the Tardieu group on the Right. All these groups are "pacifist"; in one form or another they all pay lip-service to disarmament and international co-operation, but it is not always easy to know what exactly they mean by these terms. As far as disarmament is concerned, it would be quite wrong to divide this mass of moderate French opinion into two conflicting groups—the people belonging to the Poincaré-Tardieu-Laval majority, and those voting with the Opposition. The Chamber divisions are not conclusive in this respect. The idea of "Security First" extends far beyond the present Government majority, and even the Socialist Party is not quite immune against the disease. Until quite recently M. Paul Boncour, the most enthusiastic advocate of the International Army, was officially a Socialist. In the main, the Radical Party also believed in "Security First." At the last Radical Congress every one of the speakers treated disarmament as a consummation devoutly to be wished for, but not as a practical measure. Only one or two of the "young ones," like Jacques Kayser and Gaston Bergery, took a bolder and more "Socialist" attitude. As a result Bergery was described as a "*horrible Boche*" in the *Action Française* the next day. The rank and file merely paid lip-service to disarmament. Nothing is more significant than the speech which Herriot made at that Congress. He spoke in his best Danton-like manner about the brotherhood of nations, but when he came to the point of giving his views on disarmament, he exclaimed: "Disarmament, yes! but not without Security!" And thereupon the big sentimental bear recalled the tragic days of August 1914, and the heroic defence of Liège.

Like the late M. Briand the Radicals believe in "moral disarmament," which must come before military disarmament. Pacts of guarantee, arbitration agreements—possibly an international army—all these must come first. Herriot writes books on Beethoven, makes speeches on Kant, and likes to talk about the genius of the German people; to him the Germans are not *Boches*, but a great nation; but that is about all the length he goes. Painlevé, another typical moderate, who votes against the Tardieu Government, holds similar views. He was the only speaker at the famous Trocadero meeting last November whom the Nationalist rowdies would give a hearing. The Radicals believe in security and the League of Nations. They have a holy respect for Geneva, which they treat as the key to "security and co-operation." Most of them were delighted with M. Tardieu's "disarmament" plan.

It was very amusing to watch the French reactions to the recent German Presidential Election. This election has a very direct bearing on the coming election campaign in France. The Nationalists frankly hoped that the Hitler poll would show a marked increase; Pertinax even said that it would be all to the good if Hitler won; it would at least put an end to all the Radical illusions about Germany. Although later the Nationalists tried to draw the best possible conclusions from Hitler's 11,000,000 votes, they were clearly disappointed in the result. They had hoped that Hitler's triumph would make the French "sit up" and compel them to vote for Nationalist candidates in the General Election. They are feeling less confident now. The Socialists and Radicals, on the other hand, are greatly relieved by the result of the German Presidential Election. They interpret it as a triumph of Germany's Republican principles and as a decline of the Hitler movement. For want of a better argument the Nationalists are now making fun of the Socialists' devotion to "our Hindenburg," and the *Action Française* is ridiculing the "legend" of the "two Germanies" by speaking of "*le bon Hindenburg et le méchant Hitler.*" But Hitler is not finished, and his name will be used a million times in the French election campaign. *Si Hitler n'existait pas il faudrait l'inventer.* The Right will not use his name in vain. But, even so, his failure in the Presidential Election will greatly help the French advocates of international co-operation.

Paris, March 18th. **A. W.**

THE IMPERIALIST

Mr. De Valera's ultimate policy embraces abrogation of the Irish Treaty and complete independence, but he states that if any useful preferences are going at Ottawa he will accept them.

IMPERIAL loyalty depends,
When fired by true Crusading zeal,
On driving bargains with our friends:
We feel it most when most we feel
We had the better of the deal.

A preference of ten per cent.,
A quota for our wheat, replace
All that our rude forefathers meant
By ties of blood and speech and race,
And dim ideals they loved to trace.

How loudly then we should acclaim
The Irish President, who shows
The new Imperialism's aim
As captivating even those
Who once were held the Empire's foes.

For, every privilege in sight
That turns upon Imperial ties
He claims for Ireland as of right:
'Tis only, as one might surmise,
The obligations he denies.

MACFLECKNOE.

THE BOY AND THE CAR

A BOY of fourteen stole a motor-car the other day and, in the company of his cousin, a girl of six, made off in it from the house of the grandmother with whom he lived. Unchallenged apparently by a single policeman, he accomplished the journey between London and Brighton on the first day. On the second day the children arrived at the New Forest, where they slept. On the third day they were captured after having travelled about 150 miles. By this time they were cold and starving, for the boy had had only fourpence in his pocket when he left London. "We had nothing to eat," he said afterwards, "and I took the rugs out of another car because we were cold."

The boy was convicted of stealing the motor-car and bound over. Then, having done their duty, half a dozen of the magistrates shook hands with the boy, one of them saying, "We don't want to make a hero of you, but we think you are a plucky little chap."

Many an old and middle-aged man, on reading this, must feel a twinge of regret that he was born so soon. Not thus were plucky little chaps who had violated the law congratulated on their pluck by the authorities in the nineteenth century. Even in school, pluck was never appreciated, if touched with illegality. I remember boys who showed the heroism of V.C.s in defying law and order in the classroom, but their heroism escaped notice and they paid the penalty for their crimes. To-day, no doubt, schoolmasters have changed, and if a modern schoolboy defied authority he would be sharply disappointed if the headmaster did not shake hands with him. I myself made only one serious attempt to defy authority at school. A kindly but impatient master had ordered me to stay in after school and do some work that was several days in arrears. As boys of my age were seldom kept in or punished in any way at all, I regarded this order as an outrage on the dignity of human nature, and paid no attention to it, but went home as usual when school was over. The following day the master, with clouded brow, observed me at the beginning of the class that I had not obeyed him. "No, sir," I said, not without trepidation. "Why did you not do as I told you?" he asked angrily. "I had a previous engagement, sir," I said, looking, I hope, more heroic than I felt. Modern schoolboys may be surprised to hear it, but my answer seemed merely to infuriate him, and he ordered me to appear before a meeting of the Board of Masters which he was calling for that afternoon. In the result, there was nothing for it but humiliation and submission if I did not wish to be expelled from the school. I do not wish to accuse the Board of inhumanity. The masters who sat on it were as fair-minded and as free from malice as could be desired. But somehow they missed their opportunity of making the grand gesture, as a similar body would not have missed it in modern times. They did not crowd round me, pressing my hand warmly, and saying: "We don't want to make a hero of you, but we think it was a jolly good answer." Yet I had been guilty of far less than stealing a motor-car.

To a shy and timid boy, as I was, all breaches of discipline were in a sense difficult and therefore they may be said to have called for a certain amount of moral courage. To be late for school, even, was an ordeal, since it involved marching into the presence of a master who, when one had offended, could wither one and all the world about one with a phrase. Yet, during all the time he taught me, I do not remember a single kindly comment on my persistent and heroic lateness. Never once did he call the attention of the class to the fact that I had the courage to arrive later than any of the other boys. Unlike the moderns, he saw only the evil side of my conduct, but not the good, and in the end requested me—somewhat bitterly, I thought—if I could not come in time, to stay away altogether.

Now that the appreciation of pluck has become more general, I trust it will be extended to those who have got well beyond the age of fourteen. Children of a larger growth ought also to be given their share of it. What could be pluckier, for example, than the conduct of the young man who climbed the statue of Eros and broke Eros's bow? He appears to have risked his life in doing so with nothing whatever to gain. Would it not have been more in keeping with contemporary standards if the magistrate, while condemning the offence, had applauded the fineness of the effort? And, indeed, I hold that half the people who appear in the dock in the courts are there partly because they have been plucky enough to defy authority. We who are too timid even to knock a policeman's helmet off walk the streets free, but men who heroically assault policemen with such violence that they have to be frog-marched to the cells are heavily fined or sent to prison. I should say that it takes some pluck, as well as optimism, to be a bigamist. Yet, outside fiction, the bigamist seldom gets the commendation he deserves. It used to be said that thieves were cowardly people whose motto was "Safety First," and who crept about like sneaks in the dark. The modern thief, however, with his stolen motor car and his smash-and-grab raids, is evidently no coward, and a kindly word to him from the bench in appreciation of this would not be out of place. As for the American gangster, people who do not like him say that he is a coward at heart, but that must be about the only place he is so. Everywhere but at heart he seems to me to be a hero who does things that I should not dare to do. If medals were given for risking one's own life as they are for saving somebody else's life, the gangsters, I fancy, would win a large share of them. Psychologists may explain that the gangster seems courageous only because his greed and cruelty are stronger than his fear, or that he becomes a coward only when he realises how dangerous the life is and when it is too late to get out. Still, the fact remains—and I know it—that I should never have the nerve to take part in a hold-up in a speakeasy. Nor should I have the pluck to drive about the streets even in a bullet-proof car if I knew that I was likely to become the target of bombs and silencers at every corner. I conclude that, whatever is to be said against gangsters, they are at least pluckier than some of us.

Would it not be better, then, if the judges and magistrates, like the magistrates who shook hands with the boy of fourteen, were frankly to recognise the good qualities of the prisoners brought before them? A navvy who had assaulted a policeman might conceivably find his heart touched if the magistrate said to him in a friendly tone: "Well, Smith, you seem to have made a great fight of it. I don't want to make a hero of you, but those black eyes of yours and the large piece of sticking-plaster on the policeman's nose make it clear that you are no coward." Would not the law-breaker thereupon—perhaps for the first time in his life—realise that the law, too, is human, and be won by sympathy from the evil of his ways? What the world is suffering from at present is an excess of pluck running to waste. It is so in individual lives: it is so in the lives of nations. Consider Japan, for example, with her plucky little incursion into China. It is, admittedly, a waste of pluck. But surely the best way to persuade her to direct her pluck into more useful channels would be, instead of condemning her in the old-fashioned way, to applaud the courage of a nation who, in a world that has experienced the horrors of war, light-heartedly sets out on a new war, with bombs and guns, careless of life, liberty or anything else. A nation that would begin a new war to-day seems to me almost a monster of courage.

To return to the boy of fourteen. I think the magistrates did perfectly right. But they should have followed up their handshakes by presenting him with copies of *From Log Cabin to White House*, *No Gains Without Pains*, and other improving literature. Those who are pessimistic (like me) about the progress of civilisation would do well to reflect on what would have happened to a boy of that age if he had stolen even a turnip a little over a hundred years ago.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

WHEAT POLICY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have read with great interest your important and serious article on this subject in your issue of March 5th, and an equally effective, if more flippant, one in your last issue, and I ask permission to comment on both.

It is perfectly true that the Bill now before Parliament is complicated, but the complications arise from political and sociological considerations rather than from the economic basis, and it is what lies behind the complications that we may also be well advised to consider. The fundamental element in the Bill is not the "Quota," which has substantially disappeared, but the proposal, admittedly an experiment, to substitute for the system of vacillating prices the alternative of a standard price. This point is important, for what economists of a modern school call "the vacillating price system" is admittedly the curse of agriculture. This is especially so in the case of wheat, for wheat prices vary to an extraordinary extent; indeed, since we settled down at the beginning of the last century to an acceptance of this system, the prices have varied from about 18s. to 180s. a quarter and have varied day by day and market by market during the whole period.

The alternative policy of standard prices has now been advocated for about twenty-five years in connection with the revival of agriculture by certain economists, and the arguments are, or at least should be, well known and cannot in any case be restated in a letter. But it is well to realise that, though the proposals are of value in themselves, they are really part of a general scheme of developing agriculture and industry, the aim of which is, firstly, an increase of national wealth and, secondly, the absorption of the unemployed. Whatever may be said of the scheme as a whole, I do not think it will be denied that the introduction of the standard price system into agriculture would be likely to result in the absorption of from 750,000 to 1,000,000 workers into agriculture, and the increase of the annual production of food, a form of national wealth, by £200,000,000 a year—a substantial gain to the nation.

Whether 45s. a quarter (which "Sir William Wheat" thinks may in some cases work out at 55s.) is a sound figure is, of course, doubtful: no one, so far as I know, has worked out in complete detail the relative economic advantages of growing wheat at home at 45s. a quarter as compared to importing it at 25s. I doubt if there is much difference in the economic effect: I think that the relative unemployment costs and other supplementary expenses to the nation of the importations may work out at somewhere about 20s. a quarter, which represents the difference between the 25s. and 45s.; but there are other advantages, political and sociological, of growing our wheat at home.

The Bill, as you say, is an instalment, and behind the scenes goes on the struggle between the two groups of economists who stand for two opposing theories, based respectively on belief in standard and in fluctuating prices. In this Bill the Government is giving the standard price group an opportunity of illustrating and perhaps proving its theory. If they are able to do so, the whole economic policy of the nation may be changed.

MONTAGUE FORDHAM,
Council Secretary, Rural Reconstruction Association.

WAR GUILT

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Professor Temperley, in his letter on War Guilt, regrets the action of the League of Nations Union in circulating a full extract from Archbishop Temple's sermon at Geneva. He gives as his reason that "in basing his statements on Art. 231 the Archbishop has elected to stand on ground which is disputed, and to abandon ground which is certain." While fully agreeing with Professor Temperley that both the Archbishop and the League of Nations Union should have made their case as strong as possible, I find his argument with regard to Art. 231 extremely hard to accept when he says that this article does not accuse Germany of causing the war. He follows the interpretation given by Mr. Wickham Steed in a letter to the *Times*, that "It is merely a technical plea to justify exaction of money and goods from Germany." Art. 231 runs as follows—"The Allied and Associated Governments affirm, and Germany accepts, the responsibility of Germany and her allies for causing all the loss and damage to which the Allied and Associated Governments and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the war imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her allies." To say that this is *merely* a technical plea is merely to ignore the last half of it. An equally cogent argument might be set up for the harmlessness of the wasp or the mule. Mr. Wickham Steed wrote in the letter in question: "This Article is not an affirmation of 'war guilt' in the moral sense"; and this, no doubt, was not the article's main purpose; but, in point of fact, it does state that Germany and her allies imposed war upon us by aggression; and this is a moral accusation, however accidentally it may have slipped into a document of legal liabilities.

Professor Temperley is more sceptical about Germany's war guilt than Mr. Wickham Steed (who asserts it as "a point of fact," and adds in support a funny story from Sir Austen Chamberlain); but what he seems equally to overlook is that Art. 231 is familiar to a wide circle of less informed readers than himself, his authorities on International Law and "those knowing the facts." Most of these "common readers" are as little acquainted with the Treaty as a whole as they are with Magna Carta. It is a pity that the framers of Art. 231, who presumably knew their own intentions, should have left its wording so ambiguous—a booby trap for the unskilled. Surely Professor Temperley will agree that international affairs are at the mercy of fools as well as of experts, and that a dangerously large number of fools may have stepped in where an archbishop has not feared to misunderstand.

Art. 231, however harmless its intention, has become a symbol of injustice, and, on this ground alone, needs revision.

Magdalene College, Cambridge. R. C. STEELE.

THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—On page 356 of your last issue, the vivid imagination of your convict correspondent has led you into publishing a serious slander on the work of this Association.

Your correspondent states that on a convict's discharge he is given a petty sum for his journey, "with a hint that by calling on the Central Association, he may get more," whereas, in fact, before his discharge, he is seen at least twice, in private, by an officer of this Association and arrangements are made by one of our Associates for his reception and for maintenance for a time, if necessary.

Your correspondent further states that "the majority of the men have such little faith in the integrity of the Central Association that they will do almost anything to avoid going near their offices," whereas, in fact, out of 572 convicts discharged last year, only forty did not require the aid of the Association, and of the forty a large proportion were of such social position that they did not require assistance.

The Central Association,
131 Victoria Street,
London, S.W.1.

WEMYSS GRANT-WILSON.

[We said last week that we did not endorse all our correspondent's charges, and we are glad to publish a letter which clearly corrects an important error of fact. Our information is that various societies which try to aid discharged prisoners are woefully handicapped from lack of funds.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow the Chaplain of one of the Public Schools so sweepingly damned by Mr. Raymond Mortimer, in his review of Mr. Pekin's book, to comment on just one sentence of the review which seems to come within his special province? Mr. Mortimer writes: "Sermons are empty of the love of God and the love of one's neighbour, but they are full of hideous and untrue stories of the dangers of masturbation. These create dangerous guilt-feelings, but are otherwise useless: you might as well tell boys that it is dangerous to eat." May I say that I have heard and preached numbers of sermons, in our own Chapel and in those of other Public Schools, but I have never yet heard—certainly never preached—any such sermon as he condemns. On the other hand I have heard sermons in the last two years, to go no farther back, on Jesus as the supreme adventurer; on Love as the one unconquerable power in the world; on the need of a rational faith; on the love of one's neighbours and the uselessness of a religion that regards social evils complacently; on the danger of wealth; on beauty as an essential part of true religion, and the importance of developing the æsthetic sense; on the eternal values; on man's place in the universe; on the way in which to sublimate the instincts (in this particular sermon the preacher did mention the sex instinct, among others, and maintained that it was the great creative instinct that lies incidentally at the root of all artistic achievement); on the supreme worth of individuality and the danger of the herd instinct dominating Public School life; on the need for intellectual integrity. So much I venture to say about the sermons. I could say much about the way in which sex is dealt with—the wisdom, the patience, the sympathy and real understanding with which some at all events of my lay colleagues deal with their boys, to my own personal knowledge in regard to this matter—but I will only make this one final observation, that open though the Public School system is to criticism in various respects, I think that such critics as Mr. Mortimer and Mr. Pekin, whose book I have seen, would spoil even the best case for reform by the grossly unfair and untrue caricature of Public School life, which they present to the public as a true portrait. As I do not wish to seem guilty of advertising either myself or the school I try to serve, I hope I may be allowed to sign myself A PUBLIC SCHOOL CHAPLAIN.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As I was educated in a Public School and now teach in a Secondary School, I have seen something of both types of institution. The great disability of the Public School system—which seems to me far to outweigh all other—is that it segregates from youth the class of the rich from that of the poor. It thus develops a class consciousness in the youth of the nation—a consciousness assisted by that code of honour which is rather priggishly entitled "the Public School spirit," but which is in fact largely the result of economic security.

The class war attitude, which England's genius for reconciliation may yet eliminate, can best be countered by the formation of liberal sympathies and friendships in youth. A system of national uniform education is more likely to make suitable ground for such friendship than the class bound system of the Public Schools. N. A. CALLENDER.

City of Norwich School,
Norwich.

INDIGNATION IN PUTNEY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—With all deference to the contrary opinion of Dame Una Pope-Hennessy, I cannot but feel it is a rather necessary quality in a biographer that he should grasp, however little he shares, those values that regulate his subject's conduct and that it is hardly irrelevant in a review to mention the fact if the grasp is not apparent. I deeply regret that she should regard my comments on her *Laird of Abbotsford* as a slight upon Putney. I would not for the world disparage a place that, even apart from the music of its name, still has for me the charm of the unexplored. In taking "suburban" as the best brief description of her book, I was not using it in a geographical sense: like "urbane," the word has come to imply certain spiritual and intellectual qualities, and it was these, not any local flavour, I had found there. May I hope that both she and her indignant barber will accept my assurance that until I read her letter I did not know the address of her physical home? AGNES MURE MACKENZIE.

304 Elm Tree Road Mansions,
St. John's Wood, N.W.8.

THE NEW SCHOOL

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The review in a recent issue of a book on the Dalton Plan provokes me by its title, to us somewhat alarming, of "The New School" to try to explain how it is that we, who are also making the endeavour to found the (or a) New School, feel that the Dalton Plan for children will prove in the end unsatisfactory and even harmful, no matter how great its immediate success. If we were contented with the methods and results of the modern intellectual mind, let us say in the spheres of Science, Philosophy and the Arts for a beginning, we might be happy that children should become small research workers, learning to "use textbooks and authorities" and to "gather facts into generalisations." But being sensible of a certain *impasse* in the investigating and speculative mind of this century, and feeling that the world is crying out for a more imaginative and concrete form of knowing, we would in every possible way avoid projecting our own intellectual shackles on to the minds of the next generation. We feel it to be more important for the educator, because more curative for an age when children only too readily become small intellectuals, to bring qualities which are essentially childlike from childhood into adult life, than to carry the forms and tools of the intellectual adult mind into the life of children. To us there is something somewhat arid and inhuman in this spectacle of children, even of preparatory school age, moving about quietly from book to book, comparing authorities and conning books of reference as though they were already bald-headed gentlemen in the British Museum. On the contrary we would endeavour to bring as much movement, colour, sound, rhythm, in short as much of art as possible into every lesson, seeking to foster a reverence for the living man rather than the printed book, avoiding generalisations by speaking in concrete pictures, and trying to preserve as long as we can the child-like creative imagination unspoilt by critical abstraction. For, with Goethe and our own Founder, we find a principle of metamorphosis in the growth of the child into the man as in that of every living thing; and if we expect that the plant which has the healthiest leaves will one day have the strongest flower, and not that which bears premature blooms, we also think that the man will have the deepest understanding when the child experiences with the deepest feeling—a quality rarely to be extracted from text books: that the man will have the soundest judgment when the child has had the truest respect for the judgment of the adult. At any rate we would hope that, when they grow up, children taught imaginatively rather than intellectually will at least apply living standards to living things and not endeavour (as they are apparently trained to do under the Dalton Plan) to "measure and record their own" (or anybody else's) "progress in understanding by the use of a chart and graphs." A. C. HARWOOD.

COSTS OF SUGAR BEET

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The answer given by the Minister of Agriculture to Mr. MacPherson regarding the average costs of sugar beet in 1930 calls for a word or two of plain comment.

The figures quoted from the records of the Institute for Research in Agricultural Economics were as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Cost per acre	19	17	11
Cost per ton	1	17	4
Gross price received per acre	26	6	11
Gross price received per ton	2	9	6
Net addition for residuals:			
Per acre	2	1	1
Per ton		3	10

The average person would conclude from these statements that sugar beet was quite a remunerative crop to the farmer. Why, then, did the acreage of sugar beet in 1931 drop by 32.8 per cent. as compared with 1930? The acreage in 1931 was 233,300. In 1930 it was 347,300 acres, according to the Ministry's own statistics. Obviously the "representative figures" provided by the Institute were not in any way representative of the whole country. This fact is demonstrated by reference to the "Report on the Sugar Beet Industry" issued by the Ministry. In that Report it is stated that the figures for 1930 were:

Average yield	8.77 tons.
Average price per ton	49s. 10d.
Average return per acre	£21 17 0

It can be seen that there is a considerable difference between the Institute's figures quoted by the Minister of Agriculture and those published by the Ministry in the Report. £26 6s. 11 per acre for beet is rather more than £21 17s. Will the actual average tonnage costs show similar discrepancies? In 1927 the Ministry quoted £2 2s. 4d. per ton as the cost of production of sugar beet.

Arcot Orchards, Sidmouth, A. LANCASTER SMITH.
Devon.

OBSCENE LIBEL

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—You refer to the apathy shown in regard to the verdict in the de Montalk case. But after all what else is to be expected, for what chance is there that the law governing such cases will ever be amended? Does not the perennial D.O.R.A. abundantly prove that we may be bound by legal rules obviously absurd and iniquitous, and utterly out of date even if they ever had any temporary justification? They may be execrated by the great majority of the nation with all the volubility at their command. But no one on that account is simple enough to imagine that they will be amended unless powerful financial interests have reason to find them inconvenient. And in the amendment of the law as it affects sexual offences you have to encounter a further and special set of difficulties. The mass of the public on such matters is still comparatively unenlightened, and the mobilisation of public criticism (for what it is worth!) is thereby peculiarly hampered. Very few, even of those who fully realise the monstrous implications of the de Montalk sentence, could afford to risk the chance of being supposed to condone such horrific things as obscenity and pornography.

But one reflection does arise. It is not clear whether the law has yet been stretched to make the verbal utterance of obscene words a crime. One might almost wish that it were. For perhaps the only effective way of amending the law might then be systematically to see to it that every one guilty on any occasion of uttering one of those words "to which even a policeman in the witness box" in his delicacy can only refer by the initial letter, was duly brought to justice. If we could but consummate the joke of two or three million of the population simultaneously serving a six months' sentence, perhaps something might be done about it. It would no doubt be hard on the two or three million if they did not see the joke in a sufficiently detached spirit, but they could console themselves with the thought that they were public martyrs, either in the cause of social freedom—or of a legally enforced "purity." H. C. B.

Miscellany

TO PASQUE-FLOWERS

There is nothing extant in writing among Authors of any peculiar vertue, but they serve only for the adorning of gardens and garlands, being floures of great beautie.—*Gerard's Herbal.*

DISTILLING his few words of grace,
The herbalist enchanted you
Out of Time and out of Place,
And in a garden planted you,
Lovely as Eden was, ere Good
And Evil yet were understood.

Of no peculiar Virtue there
You prosper, not repenting you,
With Beauty—with the garden's mere
Adornment—well contenting you;
As saints may, after this world's stress,
Content them with mere Holiness.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON.

TEMPLE TENANTS

LANDLORDS, as all tenants know, are an odd race—only rivalled in whimsicality by tenants (so landlords tell me). But we claim that we have one of the most baffling landlords ever known. We rent a temple from him. I am not sure that he quite realises that we are his tenants, though we have been in tenacious possession for some three months. I believe he thinks we are just human tills who, for no apparent reason, leak five dollars at regular intervals. Certainly for a long time he did not grasp the fact that there was supposed to be an inexorable rhythm about the appearances of these five dollar notes, and this misunderstanding was shown by his tireless clamour for *cumshaw* (alms) whenever we appeared—especially when we were trying to entertain guests at our temple. Our landlord would buttonhole guests and implore them to spare a copper or a cigarette—a thing that I feel sure is never done by the manager of the Ritz Hotel. (I always like to set my standard rather high.) This importunity became so irksome that we tried to reason with our landlord—first in English—of which he could not speak one word; then in written Chinese—of which he could not read one word, and finally through the medium of an interpreter. Good landlords in *our* country, we pointed out, never burst into their unoffending tenants' midst yawping for *cumshaw;* a landlord, in our view, should sit invisibly at home like a spider, waiting for his rent—not buzz about like a hungry mosquito from tenant to tenant, cadging gratuities. Our landlord, when at last he understood what our complaint was about, was only slightly abashed. To ask for *cumshaw,* he implied in reply, was as natural to him as drawing breath; it was asking too much to demand that he break a harmless lifelong habit. We were not obliged to *give* him *cumshaw* simply because he asked for it, surely. His cries for *cumshaw* were just one voice of nature among many others. He apologised, in fact, only as a man might apologise who suffers chronically from hiccoughs. "I am sorry if the noise annoys you, but it's outside my control. Isn't it a little ill-bred of you to refer to it?" However, to his credit it must be added that he made a great effort thereafter to control his odd articulate tic. Now we only see his lips soundlessly writhing to form the word *cumshaw*—and after all, we needn't look—or it is always open to us to pretend that he is praying for our souls.

Our landlord, although he is the incumbent of a temple, is not in the Chinese equivalent of Holy Orders, we understand. He is not a man of ascetic habit; he is, I imagine, an opium smoker, and wears upon his flat and simple face an expression which irresistibly suggests that he has not attended a theological college of any denomination at all. He does not wear even the most rudimentary badge of priesthood. He shuffles about in straw slippers with nothing but a pair of faded cotton trousers on. True, he occasionally conducts a little service—kow-towing sleepily to the dragon-god, lighting a joss-stick or two, and even ringing a very harsh bell a hundred and five times and banging a drum—but I am sorry to say that I believe his motive in this is not altogether unworldly, since the necessity for this tribute to the dragon-god always occurs when we female sea-bathers are in the middle of getting dressed after our swim. At first we supposed that this was an inevitable consequence of using a temple as a bathing-box; we cowered modestly and reverently under our bath-towels waiting for the storm of worship to blow over. But, later, something markedly secular in our landlord's questing look made us inquire through the interpreter whether a postponement of these rites would be impossibly blasphemous—whether perhaps there was some mystic necessity that the dragon-god be worshipped at twenty-three minutes to six daily. It appeared from the landlord's candid admission (he is too chronically fuddled to deceive) that there was no such necessity; eleven minutes past five or fourteen minutes past two or indeed any hour at all was just as good—in fact, the dragon-god usually had his fill of worship in the early morning before we appeared, when the village devotees came and lighted his day's supply of joss-sticks. The idea of diversifying our labours of re-dressing ourselves with a little lively worship had been simply an impulse of the moment, we gathered from our landlord. Neither the dragon-god nor our temple's co-operative rural district patrons in the village of —— would mind if this fortuitous rite were abolished. (Our landlord is some kind of pensioner of the village; the local elders, discharging some obligation to him or to his family, have constituted him attendant (unpaid) of their temple, and allow him to make what he can out of the humble offerings of local retail-smugglers, and out of the insane vagaries of European sea-bathers.) We are the first European tenants of the temple, and cause great surprise and, no doubt, much gossip in the village. But the dragon-god himself takes us absolutely for granted. He is obviously a kind god, and confirms me in my weakness for dragons—a weakness which started when, at the age of seven, I housed my first newt in a jampot. Our dragon-god is a *sea* dragon-god. I mention this because water-reptiles are, in my opinion, infinitely preferable to land ones. There is something about the sea that sweetens the character—either among bipeds, quadrupeds or no peds at all—have we not all noticed the temperamental difference between soldiers and sailors (though, of course, there may be exceptions in both services)? The land-reptiles that infest the rocks about our friendly sea-dragon-god's temple are certainly a most irascible set. A long, thin beige snake flew at my puppy, Remington Portable, the other day, and would have bitten him had not its fangs been baffled by his fur. A dragon would never have lost its temper in this way—one can see that from the kittenish attitudes of the dragons that romp among dolphins on our temple's roof. Nobody ever heard of a puppy being snapped at by a dragon. So I am not surprised that our dragon-god smiles so widely at us, does not mind being served by a drug-sodden amateur and takes no offence when we hang up our suspenders on the horns of his altar. How well he understands our craving for a swim in the cool green lonely sea at the foot of his temple. Nobody else in the village of —— understands this at all, by the way. The villagers think we are simply enjoying a free wash. Presumably they suppose that the washing arrangements in our own homes have all gone wrong, so we are obliged to motor for miles twice a week to their temple in order to keep ourselves tolerable. Genial old Chinese fishermen, meeting us coming dripping out of the sea, will make—politely and cordially—a remark which may be translated as "Good evening, been giving your bodies a good wash?"

No one in the village in the least minds the neighbourhood temple being used as a bathing-box. I have always noticed this happy quality about Chinese temples—that they are places for the public to enjoy itself in—a quality that English churches have unfortunately lost. The public does not hush its voice or half smother its rebellious babies, or stifle its laughter in the presence of Chinese gods; it does not, apparently, feel called upon to pay a tribute of solemnity to these vivid friendly little symbols of the Unknowable—or, indeed, any tribute at all except the simple tribute of a copper's-worth of joss-sticks and a few neighbourly kowtows. Sacred days are merry days, in China.

So our temple, although it is dark and rather dusty, and filled with the constant sighing of the sea, is a happy place, spiritually keyed in tune with the little paint-and-plaster dragon-god's modest and affable smile.

You come to our temple unexpectedly, by doubling back on a trail that abruptly drops down a low cliff, from the path that follows the rocky headlands and sandy inlets of the coast. This secret trail leads under a green-grey stone archway on to the temple terrace. The terrace has a balustrade of openwork green glossy tiles. Thence, under a second stone archway, set at a graciously different angle from the first, rough stone steps lead down twenty feet into the sea. Down this stairway we go to swim—climbing over brilliant red-pocked boulders across which crabs and sea-beetles scurry and rustle into the pools. The temple itself—a tiny, one-roomed pavilion—presides over its terrace as a bird spreads itself over its nest. On either side of the doorway there is a board with Chinese words splashed vertically upon it. Down one board run the words, "Dignifiedly—dignifiedly—the direct wind blows in," and down the other, "Majestically—majestically—the rays of the sun and moon. . . ." On the face of the altar there is a painting of two sages playing chess in a garden—their disciples looking on. The whole temple is part of the rocks—part of the cliff—and part of the trees. The inner wall of the temple is living rock; red boulders push in above the altar like wild animals in the jungle looking into the tent of a traveller. The great evergreen tree that leans out of the cliff and crouches over the dragons on the temple roof belongs to the roof as naturally as the sound of the sea belongs to the temple's air. The great muscular roots of the tree are woven in with the stones of the place. The tree, like all banyans, has, in springtime, leaves of two greens—little stars of an almost luminous green spangle, the sufficiently brilliant every-day uniform of the tree. And, to give an added point to the spring, there is a young tree leaning over the terrace that was bare only yesterday, and to-day is a jovial explosion of shaggy, yellow-green bunches of leaves. I know few places lovelier than the terrace of our temple in the evening—few experiences more restful than to sit there, cool at last, after a slow swim at the end of a long hot day. Distant islands crane up out of the patched blue and green sea to detain the clouds—to catch at the dragging feet of the clouds. Each island holds a cloud prisoner, ready for the experiments that the sunset every evening tries anew. Each night the colour is drained out of the sea into the brimming sky. Then the sea darkens, the sky fades and the ominous adulterated dregs of colour are left concentrated in the snared clouds over the islands. The clouds become suffused with dark, queer colours.

The fishing-boats in the bay light those brilliant lamps with which they lure the silly fish out of the sea, and the whole mountain behind our temple shimmers with lights lit to lure silly breadwinners and guests home from club and bar and the seashore.

STELLA BENSON.

GADARA

SHOULDER to shoulder, firmly pressing forward,
Ranks close-locked, from vanward to the rear,
Steadfast in courage, steadfast in loyalty,
The strong swine of Gadara know not any fear.

A lone voice lifted, a lone voice calling,
A lone voice warning of something seen ahead;
Stern swine of Gadara turn upon the traitor,
Silence him, savage him, leave him there for dead.

Strong again in confidence, strong again in loyalty,
From cowardice and treachery and fear set free:
Shoulder to shoulder, fiercely pressing forward,
The swift swine of Gadara go rushing to the sea.

W. N. EWER.

FASHIONS IN FILMS

Marble Arch Cinema: "War is Hell."

Empire: "Hell's Divers."

IT may be assumed that when you say a "War Film," you mean, in effect, an anti-war film. Nobody at this moment would dare to produce a frankly "war film," and, indeed, unless by the end of the picture the violet crown of Athens has been kicked round the dusty market square, a large section of the pleasure-seeking public would think that they had been thoroughly cheated. There seems to be a general desire to be exposed in public for having made a personal fool of oneself in 1914.

War is Hell (why change the excellent title *No Man's Land*?) marches forward to victory, with the proud consciousness of having the big battalions on its side. It is not necessary to share the opinions expressed by the director in order to approve of this film. The shape of the thing is excellent. We see the peace lives of five combatants in different parts of the world, then the world mobilisation, which brings these five combatants into a shell-hole in No Man's Land, and their change from mutual suspicion to mutual assistance under the strain of necessity. There is a superb insolence about the virtuosity of this picture. All the technical discoveries of America, Russia and Germany are exploited to the full. The technique is as international as the language of the combatants is various, till the film-industry seems to become the living image of the new order, which is to replace the old narrow nationalism.

If I thought that the first half of the picture was more exciting than the second (nothing could have been better realised than the effect of really good military bands, the rapid development of crowds from personal terror to corporate pride) it is perhaps merely that pictures of war have been already pushed so far that they can no longer give their old thrill. The intellectual merit of the shell-hole scenes went, in some cases, beyond the pictorial realisation. It was certainly a *trouvaille* to turn an African negro into the churns of the tragedy to make him the one man capable of philosophic grasp. But, as he truly said, he was an artist with a great gift of foreign languages, who had danced his jazz in London, Paris and Berlin. He had got into the war through no volition of his own at all; but when once there, he is with his high spirits and intellectual detachment the life and soul of the whole party, the civilised man in a world of savages.

The immense success of this picture is a curious phenomenon. Confident that his picture is dressed in the most modern fashions, the director has treated the supposed desires of the public with aristocratic morgue. The dialogue is in several languages; there is no love interest, no sex-appeal, and the effects are gained by a very intellectual utilisation of changing tempos and on occasion of purely linguistic coincidences. It never flags down for a moment. The contrast with *Hell's Divers* is complete.

This magnificent Hollywood production is as near being a war film as anything dares to be nowadays, showing as it does some superb sequences of the modern fleet, of the cameraderie, based on mutual respect, of all professional organisation; and the chivalry and endurances of the air-services. The Americans also seem to have realised that the only use of a fleet nowadays is to push the film industry, and the combined efforts of fleet and photographer make up a most exciting entertainment. But the director seemed to suffer from a slight inferiority complex, from a consciousness that he was being hopelessly behind the times; and, in the attempt to disguise his shyness, he rather spoils his picture. It is not merely that he has to introduce a conventional plot with a heroine who behaves more foolishly than the majority of film heroines, but that he has to call in Mr. Wallace Beery to help the thing out. Now Mr. Wallace Beery is one of the great actors of the screen. He can act anyone else right out of a picture, just as he acts Clark Gable out of this one. He is so immensely funny, so gigantically human, that he absorbs all interest into himself and away from the subject of the picture. The director has wished to cover up his pill in jam and in his excitement has forgotten to put the pill in at all. Further, we know Wallace Beery of old; he is the most sensible and hard-headed of men, with an impeccable sense of values; never would he risk his skin doing grotesque air-stunts for the American fleet. So when he dies in an act of superhuman abrogation, and his captain delivers the sermon over his charred corpse, we frankly don't believe a word of it. Wallace Beery will be alive and kicking for us in a month or so. The director of *Hell's Divers*, though he is a man of immense talent, who has provided for us a series of most beautiful shots, the æsthetic excellence of discipline, of clockwork routine, and the personal initiative of the flying man, has been frightened of developing his tragedy. His own philosophy appeared shoddy to him. Yet it you are going to write a film about the Navy, you must believe frankly in the Navy, as the director of *War is Hell* believed frankly in something else. If you are to wear the violet crown, you must go down on your knees and pick it out of the dust. For all its virtuosity *Hell's Divers* never becomes a film at all: it is merely a succession of stunts, some comic and some exciting; the onlooker, though he has been well entertained throughout the picture, is left cold at the end. The Elizabethan Drama varied tragedy with comedy. But the tragedy and the comedy were kept in separate compartments. The grave-digger is not the leading character in *Hamlet*. But you must not blame the director too much for this. He knew that, for the moment, his point of view was discredited. Perhaps it may soon come again into favour. The *Sunday Express*, which many of the audience at *War is Hell* were reading, was certainly doing its bit in that direction.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Ballet at Sadler's Wells

SADLER'S WELLS Theatre was crammed on Saturday for the first performance of Sir Edward Elgar's Nursery Suite, given by the Vic-Wells Ballet and orchestra, with Anton Dolin as premier danseur and Constant Lambert conducting. The ballet items include Little Bo-Peep, who discovers her lost sheep among the audience; Georgie Porgie with his girls; Snow White and Rose Red, both willowy and Rossettiesque; the Three Bears (whose clothes, poor things, didn't fit, and were the negation of bear-ness) with their porringers; Jack and Jill—a Chauve Souris conception; and the Prince and Princess, delicately impersonated by Anton Dolin and Alicia Markova. Georgie Porgie (Anton Dolin) carried the palm for comedy, with his Kate Greenaway girls, in yellow and orange, with enormous wooden knitting needles, who tripped and rippled this way and that. A Nursery Suite, in which the items are disconnected, is a severe test for English dancers, and, in spite of the teaching of Ninon de Valois, the Diaghilef accuracy and tautness was scarcely achieved. Mr. Stanley Judson did well as Jack; but the performance which interested me most was that of Miss Ailne Phillips, the leader of the Kate Greenaway girls, who also danced in the chorus of Les Sylphides and later as one of Job's daughters. Her dancing, besides its technical competence, has a statuesque rightness of pose and gesture, combined with a generous fullness of dramatic interpretation which foreshadows a new type. Is it fantastic to hope that an English school of ballet suggesting the movements of ships, as distinct from the birdlike Continental ballet—so inhuman in its brilliance—may yet be invented?

Paramount Express

Shanghai Express, with La Dietrich and Clive Brook, is the last word in Paramount commercial competence. The pure camera work is as slap-up as anything possibly could be. True, the story is foolish; the psychology grotesque; and there is too much talky-talk, and that talk is singularly inept, though uttered in a uniform tone of pregnant emotion. *The Blue Express* was far from a first-class picture but succeeded in two minutes in suggesting the reality of a Chinese train, an achievement which eludes Paramount through a good hour of apoplectic effort. You could see nothing for the local colour, as in a bad story by Théophile Gauthier. But it is merely priggish to take seriously a film that has no purpose save to put La Dietrich through her paces. And you will admire *Shanghai Express* according to how much you admire Dietrich. "Did you ever see such close-ups?" a couple of sentimental adolescents next me kept whispering in notes of subdued rapture. And they were quite right. The close-ups were marvellous. Her astonishing bony face was photographed in every conceivable chiaroscuro, registering every variety of complicated pain, and surrendering to every unreal abnegation. Dietrich is a physical genius, who does well to spend her time on an international train. She has the sleek and sensual efficiency of a really expensive new leather dressing-case.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Friday, March 25th—
- "Messiah," Royal Choral Society, Albert Hall, 2.30.
- Beethoven recital, Lamond, Palladium, 3.15.
- Concert, Crystal Palace, 3.30.
- "Parsifal," B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 7.30.
- Vocal Concert, Old Vic, 7.45.
- National Sunday League, Palladium, 6.30.

Saturday, March 26th—
- "Below the Surface" (transfer), Apollo.

Sunday, March 27th—
- Mr. T. S. Eliot on "The Modern Dilemma," B.B.C., 5.

Monday, March 28th—
- Mr. Desmond MacCarthy on "New Books," B.B.C., 6.50.
- "The Queen's Husband," New.

Tuesday, March 29th—
- Miss Stella Benson on "News from the Seat of War," B.B.C., 9.20.
- "Caravan," Queen's.

Wednesday, March 30th—
- Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson on "Goethe," B.B.C., 7.30.
- "Doctor Pygmalion," Playhouse.

Thursday, March 31st—
- "The Chocolate Soldier," Shaftesbury.
- Kolisch Quartet, Haydn, Schubert, St. John's Institute, Tufton Street, S.W., 5.30.

Current Literature

AN OPEN LETTER TO FRANK SWINNERTON

DEAR SWINNERTON,

I have just finished, with admiration and gratitude, your essay on Authors and the Book Trade*; and I hope you will allow me to write to you on a few of the problems discussed in that book. On some I cannot claim enough knowledge for argument or agreement. I have none of your intimate acquaintance with every side of publishing. You have published fifteen novels; I have, in typescript, a masterpiece which was rejected by every publisher in London except, perhaps, Messrs. Witherby and Messrs. Batsfords—with it is one publisher's letter saying (no I will not tell you the date) that I had out-Zola'd Zola. You have, for many years, been a "star" reviewer; I can barely claim a little of the dust that may cling to anyone who wrote for the *Daily News* when, you say, it "had stars in constellations." We have one thing in common—that we are both reviewers; you say you began in 1910, and so I am your senior by seven years. Also I am in a position to deny your statement that "a man who does nothing but reviewing cannot possibly derive an adequate income from it," unless your ideas of adequacy are more apolaustic than I should suspect.

It is your chapters on Advertising, on Reviewers and on the Reading Public that I should like to discuss. About publishers' advertisements I am dazed. There are far more than there were thirty years ago, when I joined the staff of the old *Pall Mall Gazette;* and they are far more conspicuous. Directly I've said that, I wonder if it is true. In 1903 there were in existence the *Pall Mall Gazette, St. James's Gazette, Westminster Gazette, Globe,* as well as the three evening papers which we know to-day. I fancy all of these papers had publishers' advertisements. Then the weeklies included the *Spectator,* the *Saturday Review,* the *Speaker,* the *Athenæum,* the *Academy,* the *World, Truth;* and the *Times Literary Supplement* was in its second year, and still, I think, an actual supplement tucked in its parent's pouch. The morning newspapers also printed far more publishers' notices than they do now; and they were not, were they? as infrequent as eggs of the Great Auk in the pages of *Punch.* Also, some book advertisements, I suppose, came out in the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times;* and, indeed, still do. Now all this is very odd. You assure me, *Advertising does not sell books.* Mr. Basil Blackwell, in his J. M. Dent lecture,† supports you: that

> The money spent on the displayed press advertisement of a book is not, as a rule, returned by sales resulting from that advertisement

is, he says, a matter on which most publishers would agree. In short, the old sort of inexpensive notice (which I myself read with more ease and pleasure) is all that is needed. Then why—? Here I am baffled. You declare that it is the authors who insist on having tocsin advertisements, and you know of what you write. Again Mr. Blackwell supports you—"Most publishers agree that they advertise to please their authors." And yet—and yet—I can't help feeling something too simple in this explanation. There are other things authors would like, and which publishers don't feel bound to grant. No author has ever yet quite accustomed himself to the speed with which, when he says "Twelve," a publisher retorts "Thirteen." All authors would like royalties beginning at 15 per cent. A great many authors would like their publishers to suppress half their list, and concentrate on the few genuine works of genius. None of these things do publishers do. But they continue this very expensive competitive advertising.

About reviewing. You don't think it's what it was. Nor do I. But, my dear Swinnerton, I must remind you that we are of an age when it comes easy to be discontented with present-day as compared to the brilliant days when we first sent up our "flimsy." Also, do you read now, as I have no doubt you used, the review columns of all the morning papers? Are you sure that the *News Chronicle,* to name only one, is so much inferior? I seem recently to have read criticisms, there, not only by Robert Lynd, but by E. M. Forster, Rose Macaulay, E. E. Kellett, D. C. Somervell, H. C. Wylde, Sylvia Lynd, Philip Guedalla, Winifred Holtby, and Charles Williams. And the space given to books in that paper's columns is hard to reconcile with your statement that "the popular journals—turned their thumbs down. No advertisement revenue, no editorial space." You complain that reviewing to-day has "little authority"; and you may be right. It is hard to discover the reasons for the decline. You complain of the clique, the social influence (reviewers at dinner-parties), the insolence of youth, the "star" reviewer; on some points we should differ, but don't you think the greatest harm has been done in a more general way—you hint at it, but don't, I think, emphasise it enough—the Harmsworthising of journalism. "The legend," you say, "arose that books were not 'news.'" The fatal mistake was made when some of us who were desperately anxious to keep notices of books in the popular press tried to argue that books *were* "news." They are not. Books are "views"; and no paper is worth buying that does not contain views as well as news. Everything you and I dislike in some modern reviewing—the extravagance, the parochial personal note, the sly gossip, the insolent carelessness—can be traced to this heresy that books could be treated as "news." They can—or should be—in the advertisement columns; elsewhere they cannot for a moment compete with murder or with sport.

Then, in all respect, I would ask you to expatiate a little on the coterie. May I bother you with a little personal history? I lived for ten years in the country, a hundred miles from London. During that time I reviewed for the *Daily News,* the *Observer,* the *Guardian,* the *Nation,* the *New Statesman;* no editor ever said Beware of Bloomsbury! to me. You say that, "The coterie system is propagandist, partial and mean. It controls the leading London critical journals. It is full of little jealousies, little favouritisms, little snobberies, and little retaliations for past affronts. The old score and the new are alike punctually paid." You also say in another place that "a book praised by one critic is automatically condemned by another." I became literary editor of the *New Statesman* at the beginning of 1930, and honestly I can only just understand what you mean by the sentences I have quoted. I have met a few people who seem anxious to write about books from other than literary motives; but of any "controlling coterie" I am completely unconscious. I may, of course, be a simple tool of some hidden hand—if I am, I wish you would tell me whose the hand, and what grounds its fingers cover. I have always and publicly announced that in criticising a book, as in selecting my staff, not age, nor sex, nor religion, nor public school, nor university, nor geography are to be considered—only merit. My predecessors, Mr. Squire and Mr. MacCarthy, had, to judge from the columns of the paper, the same rule. Perhaps, however, you do not count this paper as one of "the leading London critical journals"; but if you do, please tell me what coterie controls it and me. I should like to call on it.

Then may I say a word about "literary freemasonries," and the business of criticising the books of people one knows? When I commenced journalism in 1903, Sir Douglas Straight, my first editor, gave me a piece of advice. "If you get a friend's book to notice, praise it, if you are honestly sure it's good. If you think it's bad, send it back, or ask him whether he'd sooner you slated it than didn't notice it at all." So far as I know, I have followed that rule. I'm afraid I've never worried about the books of acquaintances met at dinners or elsewhere. I must be insensitive. I expect you're right, and I have hurt a good many people's feelings. I was a little easier about your attack on the coterie when I read your chapter on the public, especially the pages about the B.B.C.; because I see that you have kept yourself very free from the contagion of modern, really "young," cliques and coteries. You write of the B.B.C.: "Apart from Miss Dane and Mr. Sadleir, all its critics are Bloomsbury highbrows." I do not know Mr. and Mrs. Nicolson—but I have known Desmond MacCarthy for years, and really! I hate using highbrow as a term of abuse—who wants to have a low brow?—but used as abuse, it fits Mr. MacCarthy about as well as it would have fitted Edmund Gosse or Max Beerbohm. Unless you mean by "Bloomsbury," "intelligent," and by "highbrow," "cultured," it really is nonsense. But I think you must have someone else in mind; for later on you say, "So many potential listeners are offended by the airs of the speakers"—and that cannot apply to MacCarthy, who is known to all his friends as having, with a success only possible to an Irishman, taken the *ton* out of Eton.

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* *Authors and the Book Trade.* By Frank Swinnerton. Howe. 3s. 6d.

† *The World of Books.* By Basil Blackwell. Dent. 1s. 6d.

Yours sincerely,
R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

GOETHE AND SCHILLER

Goethe and Schiller, 1785-1805: The Story of a Friendship. By ANETTE M. B. MEAKIN. Francis Griffiths. Vol. 1. 21s.

The Life and Work of Goethe. By J. G. ROBERTSON. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

Miss Meakin has applied her methods, acquired as a scholar of medieval history, to the presentation of a large amount of data relating to the Court circle of Weimar while Goethe and Schiller shone there together. There is much fact, quotation, and paraphrase, and very little commentary. That little we could well do without, for Miss Meakin appears to hold rigid views about the moral conventions, and any conduct which does not conform to them makes her bristle. Poor little Christiana Vulpius, first Goethe's mistress and then his wife, but in both vocations kept to the kitchen when highbrow visitors arrived, is never mentioned by Miss Meakin without a flick of contempt. She scorns, for instance, the suggestion that this modest, beautiful, and self-sacrificing girl was the inspiration of Goethe's *Roman Elegies*, and that the presentation in them of Roman local colour was only an appeasement of the distress caused by his absence from his wife and child.

On this matter of social irregularities Miss Meakin has a word of warning to offer to our latter-day biographers. Speaking of a friend of Schiller who had broken off his engagement owing to his love for a married woman whom he subsequently married after her divorce, Miss Meakin says, "It would be well for all those modern writers of sensational copy about great men, and about Schiller in particular, to read these pages, and see for themselves with what disgust and abhorrence he and Koerner (a mutual friend) treated even the man who had been their dearest and closest friend, when they found him committing acts such as those of which not only Schiller, but Goethe too, is now being accused."

Unfortunately, it is true that Schiller was capable of such an attitude of moral superiority and detachment, and an examination of his somewhat tediously expressed epistolary soliloquies on his mental and emotional states, reveals only too painfully the truth that as well as being a noble creature, full of heroic labours and ideals, he was also a damnable prig. It may be due to the fact that he had a restlessly critical mind, sharp as a surgeon's knife, that was always probing down in an effort to discover first causes and principles, and whether they were healthy or diseased. He spotted at once the pretentious provinciality of the Weimar clique, which Goethe, with the eternal boyishness that was a cause of his greatness, tried to construe as a Platonic city-state. Schiller was more detached, and rightly appraised not only the environment, but also the character that was the centre of it. At the first encounter, he says, "Goethe considerably disappointed the high expectation I had been led to form of his attractive and handsome person. He is of middle height; holds himself stiffly and has a stiff way of walking. The expression of his face is uncommunicative, but he has a very speaking eye, full of life, and it is a pleasure to meet his glance. His mien is serious, kindly and good." This accords with the portrait recently created by Mr. H. W. Nevinson in his noble book on Goethe.

As the acquaintance ripened, Schiller wrote, "It would make me unhappy to be much in Goethe's company; even for his closest friends he has no moments for the outpourings of his heart. There is no part of him that one can get hold of. I believe, indeed, that he is an egoist to an unusual degree. He possesses the talent of captivating people; and by delicate little attentions as well as by great ones he attaches them to him. But he knows how to keep himself free. He lets his presence be felt by kindly acts, but only as a divinity would do, without giving himself. He has made himself hateful to me by it, although—at the same time—I love his soul with my whole heart, and think highly of him. I regard him as a prude, whose excessive pride one would like to see humbled. I could murder his mental attributes; and yet again I could love him from my very heart."

That is a lively portrait of Goethe, but it is also a still more revealing one of Schiller, showing by elements of narcissism, of repulsion, and of attraction, the tormented nature of the man who had been forced to put up such a magnificent fight to attain his poethood. Everything had been in Goethe's favour through childhood, youth, and maturity. Schiller spent his childhood and youth in the fantastic Duke of Wurtemburg's military-monastery. He spent his maturity fighting those cordial allies, poverty and tuberculosis. He had never known leisure, or the divine care-free idleness which provides the best soil for the flowers of poetry. He worked at journalism and self-education for fourteen hours a day, hunched up over his desk, cut off by students' gaucherie from the society of men and women. He could express himself freely only by letters. No wonder that he was so critical of Goethe and the literary-society crowd of admirers. No wonder that he made for himself a bed of soulfulness and uplift, on which he could lie and convert his sulks into self-comforting moralisings. Miss Meakin thinks he was quite right and normal to act in that way, and her excuses are not for him but for Goethe, who was, she explains, unhappy and ashamed before his friends because of his disgraceful relations with Christiana!

It is in his attitude toward these matters of the heart that Schiller reveals his priggishness. His choice of friends—so far as we can judge by his letters—appears always to have been governed by a process of careful intellectual measurement. According to their degree of mental and moral attainment, they were allotted places in his affection. And the standard was set according to the necessities of his "genius" and the plans made for his cultural and poetic development. We find him writing to his friend, Koerner, "I cannot agree with you in regard to putting up with the society of mediocrity. We can receive more harm from association with mediocrity than we receive good from the contemplation of beautiful scenery or the finest of picture galleries. Even the most humdrum people can, and do, influence us."

And in his choice of a wife how deliberate he was, how careful to put the ladies, unwittingly, through long oral examinations, before he selected the candidate who should least interfere with his career as a great poet! How much preferable is the wilful and magnificent Goethe, extravagant in his loves, and endangering his intellectual integrity by idle conversations with peasants and servants, and remaining so generous and uncritical that he could give nothing but whole-hearted admiration to his friend, Schiller, and never dream of calling *him* a prude.

It is somewhat disproportionate to mention Professor Robertson's new Life of Goethe only at the end of a review. But so much is being said and written to-day about Goethe, at the centenary of his death on March 22nd, that one hesitates to add more to the flood. In 1927 Professor Robertson published, in the Republic of Letters Series, a Life of Goethe and a brief survey of his work. That volume has now been generously amplified, particularly in its critical study of the work. The result is a satisfying book, written by a scholar who has made this subject his life-work. As President of the English Goethe Society, and as Professor of German Language and Literature in London University, the author has had much opportunity to impart his knowledge and enthusiasm to a couple of generations of people who still are able to believe in the giants and to retain the saving grace of hero-worship. This volume therefore, a crown to Professor Robertson's life-work, needs no introduction; and to write professional praises of it seems to me to be impertinent.

RICHARD CHURCH.

AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS

Report of Research and Education Division of the Ministry 1929-30.

Report of the Land Division of the Ministry for 1930. H.M. Stationery Office. 1s. 3d. each.

For the student of agriculture, the man more concerned with the progress of farming than with the fortunes of the individual farm, there are no more interesting publications than the annual reports of the Research and Education Division and the Land Division of our Ministry. Administrators arrive and depart, the work goes on, and the big developments we hope for in the days when we have a truly national policy for agriculture will become possible by the labours of civil servants whose names and qualities are unknown to the man in the street. English agriculture is fortunate in that the Research and Educational work are in the hands of Mr. H. E. Dale and that the Land Division is in the keeping of Mr. E. L. Mitchell. Changes of policy and financial difficulties may hamper their efforts but the Civil Service teaches adaptability and they may be relied on to make the best of any situation. Mr. Dale is justified in saying that without education and research British agriculture would find the present struggle harder, the future prospect less hopeful. The best news in his Report is that the conditional gift of £700,000 by the Rockefeller Foundation to Cambridge University is available, the £479,000 to be raised by the University being assured. On the other hand, the reconstruction of the Royal Veterinary College stands postponed by the financial crisis.

Mr. Dale's Report yields striking stories of progress. The Agricultural Colleges have lost no students in the year under review, and more than 500 were women. Our new-born fruit and canning industry is so prosperous that capital for sound undertakings can be gathered in the open markets. On the Research side, agriculture relies very largely on the Development Fund which makes block grants to Institutes. On the experimental side one notes that the Foot and Mouth Committee, appointed in 1924, is about to publish a fourth progress report, though the word progress may prove open to criticism. There has been a demonstration of the harvester threshers which were discussed in this paper in 1930. A Committee appointed by Lord Noel Buxton to consider the use of machinery in agriculture and to advise the Minister is still sitting under the chairmanship of Sir W. Dampier, F.R.S. The standard of agricultural education provided by County Councils in England and Wales is being raised, the staffs enlarged, the Institutes extended, Lancashire, which had her own independent agricultural station, has wisely elected to come under the Ministry. Nearly two thousand students take the courses for higher agricultural education, the County Council organisers, of whose salaries the Ministry pays sixty per cent., have been increased. Three thousand five hundred students took lessons in ploughing, hedge-laying, ditching, thatching, sheep-shearing, milking and other essential acts of husbandry. Children of agricultural workers were awarded 130 scholarships, county advisers paid some 7,000 visits to farms. The Division protected the fruit market and the bulb market from diseased fruit and bulbs, consignments that were found wanting being condemned to re-exportation or destruction. France, Italy and the U.S.A. were among the sufferers. Enough has been written to suggest that administrative work over such a vast area is a whole-time job and one that demands "good gifts."

The Land Division faces a hard task. It administers the Small Holdings and Allotment Acts of 1908–26, and the last of these acts was not concerned with the interests of the small-holder. He has few friends on the N.F.U. or among the big landowners. The yeoman class is too sturdily independent for employers of labour. In 1930 thirteen County Councils acquired no additional land. There were 8,030 applications for holdings, and less than 12 per cent. of the applicants were settled! After deducting the 4 per cent. who were not found worthy, and the 15 per cent. who gave up in despair or disgust, 5,487 men remained waiting, while land was going out of cultivation and our bill for imported foodstuffs was over one million pounds a day. So much for our small holding policy after the Act of 1926.

At the end of 1930, 322 local authorities reported an unsatisfied demand for allotments, but the Report states that "the above figures are probably a considerable under-statement of the real demand." It is satisfactory to note that the public rights of access to Commons for air and exercise have been considerably enlarged, upwards of 7,000 acres having become available under the terms of the Law of Property Act, 1925. We learn that 30 of the 69 Agricultural Committees in England and Wales pay travelling expenses and a subsistence allowance, while 16 others pay travelling expenses. These Committees, in dealing with more than 5,000 cases of weed infestation, had only ten prosecutions, while County Councils and other Local Authorities were duly reminded of their duty under the Rats and Mice (Destruction) Act of 1919. This work does not go far enough and it may be doubted whether the importance of vermin repression is realised sufficiently at the Ministry or among the County Councils whose most expensive economy has been the discharge of their rats officers, as they are called. A work of extreme delicacy and difficulty entrusted to the Land Division is the administration of the various Tithe Acts, and it has become necessary of late to defend the unpopular Tithe Rent Charge against the attacks of those who find it oppressive. The Division has shown tact and consideration in dealing with a mass of objectors whose many good qualities do not include either consideration or tact.

These two Reports make good reading, though it is always well to remember that civil servants do not make the laws, they merely administer them. It is the administration that shows up legislation of the class of the Small Holdings and Allotments Act, 1926, a measure that cries aloud for amendment.

S. L. B.

NINETEENTH CENTURY POETS

Nineteenth Century Poetry. An Anthology chosen by JOHN HAYWARD. Phoenix Library. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

Imagine some universal deluge which has engulfed the entire European past . . . On the surface of its discoloured, yeasty flood bobs a modest little volume bound in green. It is fished ashore by a post-diluvian literary critic who sits down to make sense of it with a mildewed lexicon. Utterly ignorant of the background from which it emerges, he often sighs and looks around him and shakes his head.

Yet his task, in reviewing the present anthology, would be comparatively simple and straightforward. Clear eyes, an open mind and fresh enjoyment would help him among a bewildering wealth of excerpts, to distinguish the configuration of the whole. In the first place, a certain George Crabbe — This Crabbe, he might announce to an eager public, was no doubt a scholarly old gentleman who liked solitude and lived apart from the literary world. Evidently he was fond of country walks, had a keen eye and shrewd simplicity of outlook, sometimes visited by genius in watery flashes as when the spring sun illumines a dreary day. . . .

William Wordsworth—but such an enigmatic figure might excuse a good deal of preliminary fumbling. At the outset he gives an impression of divine youth, of boundless poetic light and intense clarity; and yet, after you have read a dozen verses, you feel confident that he was born middle-aged. Great sweetness, yet he is curiously antipathetic; wonderful sublimity, but in the midst of aery raptures you hear the voice of a schoolmaster on a walking-tour. He appears to have been conscious of some betrayal, and to have covered up a sense of guilt with woolly moralising.

Was it some incident in the poet's life, or some political defection he was trying to hide? Pass on; but to Coleridge who follows next (after some insignificant versicles by Walter Scott) the anthologist is inevitably unfair. *The Ancient Mariner* is too long to find a place; and only *Kubla Khan*, a nonsense poem of genius, *Jabberwocky* from the brain of a great poet, bears witness to that drowsy Titan's bulk.

Vast and vague, now and then a little formless; but suddenly, like a statue in the sand, the classic outlines of Landor trip him up. Who, in God's name, was Walter Savage Landor? He wrote short poems, as compact as crystal pebbles, and seems to have flung them, perfectly polished and unflawed, with a gesture of angry contempt at the world's feet, remarking in strident tones that they were indestructible:

> Past ruin'd Ilion Helen lives,
> Alcestis rises from the shades;
> Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives
> Immortal youth to mortal maids.
>
> Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil
> Hide all the peopled hills you see,
> The gay, the proud, while lovers hail
> These many summers you and me.

—then put his hands into his pockets and strolled away. Much engaged by Death, he was not afraid of it; whereas, over several other poets, represented in the early pages of the book, premature death appears to have brooded like a cloud, lending their fantasies a peculiar feverish brilliance.

Though Byron did not live to the allotted span, he is quite distinct from the hapless writers mentioned above. Half poet and half orator, he seems to have been; for, even on his highest and longest flights, he marks his periods with rhetorical exactitude and neatly rams antitheses down your throat, after the fashion of an accomplished public speaker. Probably his title gives a clue; it is possible that this mysterious Lord Byron would have relished delivering addresses in the Upper House, and was an artist, like so many artists, *faute de mieux*. Here we have various epic fragments, superb in general effect but not in detail. He once began a strangely moving lyric poem, yet could not carry it beyond the exquisite first line:

> She walks in beauty like the night . . .

is pure poetry; the rest—for those who know the poet—merely Byron.

On his heels comes the harmoniously named Shelley, an angel whose desperate ecstasies and wild griefs palliate, though they cannot conceal, a lack of ear. A genius, you feel confident, if there ever was one; and yet the transcendental music of his verse often sounds a trifle flat or thin, as if a seraph should have strained his voice in the heavenly choir. Keats has greater fullness, more sonority; and perhaps the early death of this young poet was the crowning literary disaster of the whole period. Through Keats, with his admirably equipped mind, the various currents of his fluctuating age might have joined in a magnificent poetic stream and flowed on towards the termination of the century. In that event, we might happily have been spared certain long-lived and highly ponderous later poets, who chewed the cud with an air of deep reflection. The poets, who open the book, dropped off early; but nothing was more characteristic of their successors than the tenacity with which they clung to human existence. And nothing so ill became them in their lives as their obstinate refusal to stop writing.

One turns from the closing pages of this anthology with a feeling of distress hard to explain. Rich and variegated is the period it covers, splendid the promise of the earlier part; then a change very gradually sets in. It was not so much that the nineteenth century grew complacent; indeed, with an almost conscientious fervour its poets exhibited the confusion of mortal life. You might suppose that their background overwhelmed them, that in the hubbub of a comfortable bustling age the poetic dæmon of its own accord played them false, till their meditations, however impassioned and nostalgic, took on an undertone of post-prandial well-being.

Poetising took the place of real poetry; the deplorable habit of thinking aloud in verse was practised with great skill by Tennyson and Meredith. Matthew Arnold was also an addict of this vice; but, too intelligent to surrender without a struggle, bewailed the absence of something he called "faith" in verses which come near achieving poetry:

> The sea of faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating to the breath
> Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world.

As the poetic instrument gained in complication, so did it lose in range and sweetness; and it was left to the poets of the following century to dislocate the pegs and snap the strings. . . .

I hasten to add that, should the future critic pass judgment on the lines I have assumed, the fault must not be imputed to Mr. Hayward. Every anthology provokes some regrets, and every reviewer, in dealing with the book, likes to show his knowledge of the period by raising an eyebrow at an omission here and an admission there. Personally, I am sorry that *Mariana*, for all its unnecessary refrain, was not included in the Tennysonian section, and could have dispensed with the egregious *Crossing the Bar*; while the complete suppression of T. E. Brown, and the deletion from *Omar Khayyam* of a dozen quatrains, would have been more than balanced by a wider choice in Browning's lyrics. Otherwise, as a brief survey of a crowded period, this anthology is all that one desires, the product of a catholic and sensitive editor who is not above reprinting the "old favourites." Those who seek guidance from an anthology can put implicit trust in Mr. Hayward's taste; those who are better acquainted with his material will enjoy the tragic drama which it unfolds.

PETER QUENNELL.

THE HISTORICAL WHIG

The Whig Interpretation of History. By H. BUTTERFIELD. Bell. 4s.

This stimulating essay raises a number of hares and pursues them enthusiastically. Mr. Butterfield asserts that most English historians have been Whigs, and that Whigs who read the past in terms of an improving present have essentially unhistorical minds. Devotees of "historical research," who have no axes to grind and apparently no opinions of any sort, may slowly undo the devastating work of their predecessors. Yet to choose three historians who are apparently "Whigs," Gibbon, Macaulay and Acton, it is difficult to say that they were not "researchers," though they may have researched in a manner that does not satisfy Mr. Butterfield. Acton, who is the *bête noire* of Mr. Butterfield, almost invented, one would have thought, historical research in the modern sense. But then Acton believed in Liberty, a pet nostrum of the Whigs. No doubt Acton was pontifical. But it is difficult to have no views on liberty one way or the other. Theoretically, a writer who did not care a straw either about liberty or authority might be a very good historian, but in practice he would suffer from hardly being a member of the

There is an idea about that a Big Bank is interested only in Big Business. Is that really the case? Surely, the wide variety of localities in which you can see branches of the Westminster Bank should alone be enough to dispel the notion. To all, a banking account supplies a background—a feeling of stability; and those who may have misgivings about opening one with 'so little' are invited to find that their hesitation may have been groundless

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human race. Altogether Mr. Butterfield's argument becomes rather shaky here, as according to him an unintelligent admiration for Luther is one of the characteristics of the Whig historian, and from this reproach Acton is completely free. Ultimately Mr. Butterfield desires the historian to be as imaginative as Shakespeare, as scientific as Einstein, and as disinterested as Stonehenge. Unfortunately such people do not exist: and perhaps Mr. Butterfield, who is a professional historian, rather underestimates the ability of the intelligent reader to allow for the wind. Let us by all means have as many Socialistic or Tory historians as we can. By knocking their heads together we may obtain truth. Again Mr. Butterfield thinks an absence of opinion is more easily obtained than it is. He argues that no one who is either a Protestant or a Catholic can write about the Reformation. He may be right. But such an historian as he desires will not be a man without opinion. He will have the opinion of one who is neither a Catholic nor a Protestant. On the point of misrepresentation due to self-satisfaction and unconscious bias, one would say that patriotism rather than Whiggery had been the fault of historians, English and foreign. A course of English history, written by historians of other nations, would do a great deal of good to Englishmen. Still, though one may refuse assent to many of Mr. Butterfield's arguments, it cannot be denied that he has written an extremely spirited essay, which one reads in a rush from beginning to end.

REVOLUTION AS A FINE ART

Technique du Coup d'État. By C. MALAPARTE. Bernard Grasset. 15 frs.

The field of the connoisseur has, we know, been considerably enlarged in our day. People collect and study not only Queen Anne silver or Grinling Gibbons carving, but Victorian wax flowers—perhaps even antimacassars. A little book which has just been published in Paris introduces us to a new kind of connoisseur. Signor Malaparte, its author, reveals himself as a connoisseur of violence. He collects revolutions as other people collect Chippendale chairs. And the present volume is a catalogue of his collections. By what may have been a remarkable series of coincidences, or may have been his own carefully executed designs, Signor Malaparte contrived to be present at a remarkably high proportion of the numerous *coups d'état* which have taken place in Europe since the end of the war. Moreover, he has made it his business to study systematically and on the spot the history of those upheavals which he did not actually witness.

His attitude to these remarkable events is nothing if not objective. From Bolshevik uprisings to Fascist coups, through all the gamut of intermediate forms, such as the seizures of power in Spain by Primo de Rivera, and in Poland by Pilsudski, every revolution is grist to Signor Malaparte's mill. What his own attitude to politics may be is not clear. It is true that he implies throughout the book that he is a conscientious Liberal, steadily opposed to any attempt to overturn normal constitutional, democratic forms of Government. His chapter on Mussolini, however, shows that he took an energetic part in the Fascist seizure of power. Perhaps it is safest simply to say that Signor Malaparte is a thoroughly broad-minded man.

It would not, however, be fair to call him a dilettante of revolutions, interested merely in the thrill of the occasions. On the contrary, he advances most earnestly a well-argued thesis, which, he claims, illuminates the whole subject. The thesis is briefly as follows: Signor Malaparte, as one might expect in a good Latin, has no use for all the complex theories of history which the Teutonic and Slavonic genius of Marx and Lenin has elaborated. Revolutions are, he says, a forcible seizure of the power and machinery of a modern state by an organised group, which may represent a class or interest in the community, but which may represent nobody but its own members. And they are not the result of the working out of any profound law of history. On the contrary, they succeed because the leaders of the group grasped certain elementary rules about the nature of power in the modern state. They must apply the knowledge of these facts in the actual hours during which they and their band of armed adherents make their attempt on the state. These facts are, roughly, that power resides to-day in the possession of the "technical centres" in the capital of a modern state and not in the Legislature or Government Offices. Once you have seized the principal railway termini, the telephone exchanges, the central Post Office, the main electrical power stations, and any other technical nerve centres which may exist, you will, says Signor Malaparte, in fact be in power. The nominal Government will be paralysed and you can arrest its members at your leisure. To the obvious objection that so long as its troops remain loyal to it the old Government can turn you out of the "technical nerve centres," Signor Malaparte replies that once your men are inside these buildings and have filled them with machine guns and a good supply of bombs, it will be at any rate a thousand times more difficult for loyal troops to dislodge them than it would be for you to dislodge these troops if you attack them in their own positions. In other words, that modern war has given such power to the defensive that your object should be to seize essential points by a ruse and thus compel your opponent to take the offensive against you, in order to recapture his means of communication.

An extraordinary account is given of the method, which, we are told, Trotsky employed in effecting a *coup d'état* in Petrograd on these lines. He had trained some thousand picked men, who were then sent out several days before the *coup* was to take place, quite unostentatiously unarmed, and in twos and threes to inspect, and reconnoitre both inside and out, the points to be attacked. They had to invent pretexts for slipping into the telephone exchanges, the electric power stations, post offices, etc., so that they might get a thorough grasp of their terrain. Thus something which Trotsky, it seems, called "an invisible dress rehearsal" took place a day or so before the actual *coup*.

It is by these methods and by these methods alone, according to our author, that success can be achieved. If, however, they are employed success is certain unless indeed the Government in power has also grasped the theory, and has concentrated its defensive force not round the Legislature and Government Offices, but in and about these technical nerve centres. How far Signor Malaparte is prepared to push this argument is shown by what he tells us of an amusing scene at the height of the Russian invasion of Poland in 1920. In the house of the Papal Nuncio at Warsaw, who was at the time Monsignor Ratti, the present Pope, were assembled the *Corps Diplomatiques*, engaged in debating whether they should abandon the city owing to the apparent imminence of its capture by the Bolsheviks:

> Occasion rare, que celle d'entendre un futur Pape défendre les opinions de Trotsky sur le problème révolutionnaire moderne, contre un ministre anglais, et en présence des représentants diplomatiques des principales nations du monde.

Sir Horace Rumbold, the British Minister, was in favour of immediate evacuation because, he said, disorder in Poland was extreme, and therefore, a revolution was to be expected at any moment. The future Pope replied that he agreed that the disorder was great, but that revolution was not the necessary consequence of disorder. Sir Horace replied that on the contrary, disorder was the only cradle of revolution and that in well-ordered States there was no such danger. Monsignor Ratti then made the remarkable declaration that revolution is "just as possible in a civilised country, powerfully organised and policed such as Great Britain, as in a country in the throes of anarchy, undermined by the struggle of factious parties and invaded by a hostile army." "Oh never! *s'écria* Sir Horace Rumbold." Signor Malaparte adds this entertaining and erudite comment:

> Il semblait aussi contristé, aussi scandalisé par cette affirmation calomnieuse de la possibilité d'une révolution en Angleterre, que l'avait été la reine Victoria quand Lord Melbourne lui révéla, pour la première fois, la possibilité d'un changement de ministère.

Altogether no student of modern Europe, who wishes to be entertained, should miss this witty, if misleading, book.

A LIBERAL SOCIALIST

Studies in Law and Politics. By HAROLD J. LASKI. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

The first time I heard Mr. Winston Churchill speak I was amazed at the way in which his energetic personality and intellectual force overcame the impediment in his speech and even made me half forgetful of the violence of my disagreement with what he was saying. So, I think, many people must feel about Professor Laski. He has certain mannerisms of style (in his earlier books they were a serious obstacle, but only put in an occasional appearance now), and he says things which outrage conventional notions. But the intensity of his informed conviction compels attention. Knowledge, assurance and vitality make him one of the few really influential teachers of our day. All these essays—historical, legal and political—are an exposition of a single theme. The theme is the old one of the rights of human personality—with a difference. The difference comes from the fact that Mr. Laski knows that sincere individualism implies, in some form or other, Socialism. For the individualist of the twentieth century cannot pretend that the rights of private property, as we know them, are anything but a hindrance to freedom. The freedom of the propertied few is the slavery of the many. Those who champion individual rights must spend their time fighting the established rights of ownership. This theme runs throughout Mr. Laski's essays. A brilliant article on "The Age of Reason" and a sympathetic study of Diderot are followed by a learned, but very readable account of the struggle of eighteenth-century Socialists within the Liberal struggle against the *ancien régime.* An attack on Second Chamber government, which might have been written by a Liberal, is followed by an article on "The State in the New Social Order," which could only have been written by a Socialist, and the legal studies which follow, from the account of Mr. Justice Holmes' political philosophy to the study of the relation of "Law and the State" and "Justice and Law," having always at their root the same realisation—that the law, as we know it, is an institution which exists to retain a bygone conception of property. And so we get back to the question raised by the early essays—can we to-day do what the eighteenth century failed to do, transform established property rights without revolution? K. M.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Transition from Roman Britain to Christian England, A.D. 368-664. By GILBERT SHELDON. Macmillan. 10s.

The consolations of conjecture are considerable, and all periods of history in which momentous events have obscure causes naturally invite the speculations of the curious. Of such speculations the bulk of this monograph is composed, but they are the speculations of a scholar, and are never without some foundation in history or archæology. The nature of the Saxon invasion of Britain and the extent of the racial and cultural fusion that resulted have always excited the interest of the historian and the passions of the partisan, and it is the value of the present book that it preserves a balance between the claims of the extreme Romano-Celtic and English schools, though it is obvious that the author leans rather to the former. Gilbert Sheldon did not live to see the book in print; and his sister, who saw the work through the press, and his friend, Mr. Walter de la Mare, contribute prefatory memoirs that demonstrate Sheldon's love of his country, the foundations of which he so attractively describes.

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Children of the Drift. By NORA STEVENSON. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

Children of the Drift by Nora Stevenson is a solid and depressing chronicle of a family of Dutch-Boers, the Verschoetens. There is a list of twenty-nine characters, with more or less unpronounceable names, at the beginning of the book, and this, with the difficulty it foreshadows of remembering the exact degree of relationship between each, paralyses the good will of the reader at the very outset and makes it hard for him to begin to read with any degree of enthusiasm. The chronicle, although chiefly concerned with Andries and Pretorius Verschoeten, tells an amazing number of life-histories, but it is difficult to believe that the writer has much sympathy with her characters, and the reader consequently finds it hard to care what joys or sorrows befall them. There is an atmosphere of staleness about them, about their minds, their physical appearance, and their actions. Even their background, the country itself, shares this sterility, "the withered pepper trees and the great stretches, covered with red dust . . . and on a low hill, on the horizon, a group of corrugated iron roofs." Alas for the warm, southern Africa of the imagination! There is much here that is, no doubt, "true to life," well-imagined, told with simplicity and restraint, but a constructive purpose seems to be lacking, and the book remains a heavy and uninspiring piece of work.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

WITH the exception of the early Fantaisie for piano and orchestra, the two rhapsodies for clarinet and orchestra and saxophone and orchestra are the nearest things to a concerto that Debussy wrote. It is to be noted that with his usual meticulous care Debussy reverses the normal title and describes both works as rhapsodies for orchestra with solo instrument. This fact seems to have escaped the notice of the recording engineers, for they have apparently brought the solo instrument right up to the microphone and reduced the orchestral writing to a mere accompaniment. Nevertheless the records are worth getting, for the works are very rarely heard in the concert hall, and although not the finest are certainly among the most interesting and typical of Debussy's orchestral pieces.

The Saxophone Rhapsody was written in 1903 but was not published until after the composer's death. I cannot imagine why Debussy suppressed this excellent work unless his acute sense of self criticism made him feel that it was only an adumbration of a style that he was to bring to perfection in the later orchestral images.

The rhapsody is contemporary with the posthumously published *Lindareja* for two pianos and the well-known *Soirée dans Grenade* and shows the same obsession with haban-era rhythm. But it is of far greater importance than either of these, and in style and texture directly anticipates the magnificent *Iberia.* It is pleasantly free from the impressionist mannerisms and blocky harmonic writing of so many of Debussy's lesser pieces and, indeed, has a complexity of thematic texture and a directness of emotion that are not to be found in the better known objective decorations in Debussy's early manner. With the exception of *Iberia* it is the most Mediterranean of his works, Southern in its colouring and in its clarity of outline. Like *Iberia* it has the same unbearable weight of melancholy presented with such subtlety that it might almost pass as a genial little dance rhapsody.

The obvious flaw in the work is the rather ineffective writing for the saxophone (which in 1903 had not been valorized to its present extent). But there is something to be said for writing a concerto with the orchestra as main protagonist. Many modern concertos, in particular the 'cello concerto of Delius, would have been better written as orchestral works with an occasional solo than as the usual concerto complete with pyrotechnics.

The orchestra is conducted by Piero Coppola and the saxophone part played by M. Viard. (H.M.V. Connoisseurs' Catalogue, one 12 in., D2043).

The rhapsody for orchestra and clarinet is a later work but was published in the composer's lifetime. More perfect in style perhaps, it is hardly so vital a work. It displays that finesse and good taste that is the pride and in some ways the bane of French music.

It is oddly described as *Première Rhapsodie pour orchestre avec clarinette principale.* This title and the fact that the solo clarinet part is engraved with the other wind parts and not given a separate system show that Debussy was particularly anxious that the soloist should not be given too great prominence. Unfortunately this is just what has happened on the record and the very delicate and subtle orchestral part is at times merely a wash of colour while those passages in which a theme is divided up between soloist and another wood wind instrument are ludicrously disproportionate in balance. It is a pity that this could not have been adjusted better, for the actual playing of the solo part by M. Hamelin and of the orchestra under Piero Coppola is excellent. (French H.M.V., one 12 in., G456 in Rimington Van Wyck's foreign list.)

Another little known Debussy work is put in to make up the last side of Ravel's *La Valse* in the connoisseurs' catalogue. This *Danse*, brilliantly orchestrated by Ravel, betrays its early date in one or two weak passages, but apart from that it is deliciously gay and spirited. It should make an excellent concert piece and its neglect is astonishing. (H.M.V. 12 in., DB1542).

The collection of pieces written as a tribute to the memory of Debussy displayed on the whole more good feeling than good writing. There were one or two pieces, however, notably Dukas', which transcended the *piéce d'occasion* (if one may use the word without flippancy in this connection). This piece *La Plainte au Loin du Faone* is excellently played by M. Lazare-Levy with the Sicilienne from a piano suite by Roussel on the other side. The Dukas piece is a remarkable example of the way a hackneyed musical convention (in this instance the use of chromaticism to express lamentation) can be given new life when treated with the skill and sincerity that we always associate with this composer. The Roussel piece is typical of so much modern French music—well written and showing a certain distinction of taste but never, to be quite frank, getting us anywhere. (French H.M.V. L909.)

Casella puts rather more life into the same form in his *Siciliana e Burlesca* for piano trio. The rapidity of modern musical fashions has fortunately allowed a number of *avant-garde* composers to give up all attempt to make our flesh creep with a grimly assumed cerebral atonality and to relapse (with a slight renovation of manner) into the frankly melodious style of their early years. There is not a headache in a hogshead of Casella's later music, which has far more in common with his *Italia* rhapsody than with his *Pagine di Guerra*.

The Siciliana is a charming piece and, as for the Burlesca, it rattles on so quickly that we have hardly time to notice its superficiality. That's Casella—That was! (Italian Columbia, one 12 in., GQX10134, played by the composer, Poltronieri, and Bonocci.)

The Tarantella and Finale from the same composer's ballet *La Giara* are unblushingly Italian. They cannot quite stand being divorced from the stage but if the rest of the ballet is as genial and brilliantly coloured as these two extracts it is high time we saw it. (French Columbia, one 12 in., 11721. The Milan Symphony Orchestra under Lorenzo Molajoli.)

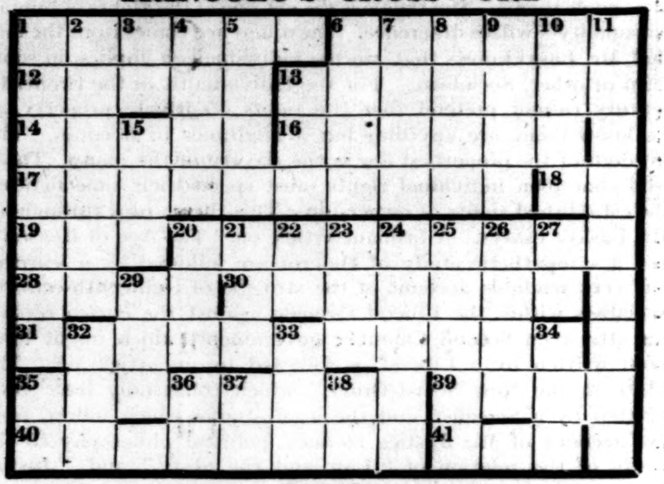
Ellington's new record *The Mystery Song* (H.M.V. B6133) starts well but is not quite up to his best standard. It would make a good lesson in scoring, though, for any English jazz-king. When I attacked English dance bands in my notes last month I had not heard the new B.B.C. dance band. If I had I doubt if my article would have appeared. Columbia have brought out an excellent recording of Elgar's *Enigma Variations* played by the Hallé Orchestra under Sir Hamilton Harty (DX322-5) and have wisely printed on the same record the two "make-up" pieces from the Sibelius symphony albums, the intermezzo and the stirring Alla Marcia from the Karelia Suite. (One 12 in., DX307.)

CONSTANT LAMBERT.

Several readers have asked for the names of Agencies where continental and other less well-known records may be heard and purchased. In London the following four firms have, we know, a good selection of unusual records always in stock. Rimington Van Wyck, Ltd., 42 *Cranbourn Street, W.C.2., E.M.G. Hand-made Gramophones, Ltd.,* 11 *Grape Street, W.C.2., Alfred Imhof, Ltd.,* 112 *New Oxford Street, W.C.1., and The Gramophone Exchange, Ltd.,* 121 *Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.*

Playtime

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



G. B. S.

(In italics are the names of plays in which the characters sought for appear.)

ACROSS

1. *Candida.*
6. *Widowers' Houses.*
12. Not Mr. Shaw's Muse.
13. *St. Joan.*
14. The B.E.F. coined this word.
16. The R.S.P.C.A. might have had an early branch here.
17. *Captain Brassbound's Conversion.*
18. Nothing less than an inquisitive woman's husband.
19. I'm found both in Burmah and Mexico.
20. *Great Catherine.*
28. Indian tribe.
30. I might do this at an auction.
31. *Caesar and Cleopatra.*
35. *The Philanderer.*
39. My brotherhood is short of tin.
40. *Heartbreak House.*
41. A "cardinal" point.

DOWN

1. *Man and Superman.*
2. My devotional collection has been cut short.
3. I am senior to 38, but together we're pretty scarce.
4. This establishment has an irregular tone.
5. Seem.
6. Went on deck with Bianca.
7. Turn out.
8. A K.C.S.I. precedes.
9. Blotchy blotches.
10. Symbolises an unsuccessful Test match.
11 *rev. You Never Can Tell.*
13. If the piece at K.R. square could speak!
15 *rev.* My stick is carried in a handbag.
20. Here's a hair without us.
21. Afflict.
22. Noah had no excuse for not being one.
23 *rev.* I appear on a half-crown: not on a sixpence.
24. Romeo after meeting Juliet.
25. Innocent object of these puzzles.
26 *rev.* Throw me away.
27. That's that's.
29. Just a correlative.
32. I suggest disgust.
33 *rev.* Half way towards black magic.
34. Frequent announcement at Wimbledon.
36, 37. The unexplodable exploded.
38. See 3.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1. negotiations. 11. Onagraceae. 13. go. 14. Ricardian. 16. cel (a don). 17. Mgr. 18. Sirdar. 22. cou *rev.* 24. amoebaean. 27. (Ma)mma. 28. tasimeter. 31. see. 32. It. 33. tragacanth. 36. VII. 37. enar (near). 38. Arian *rev.* 40. ecce. 41. (see 25). 42. cyl(inder).

DOWN.—1. normative. 2. enigmatic. 3. sago *rev.* 4. tr. 5. —iad. 6. acid. 7. tea. 8. Ian (Hay). 9, 39. oecumenical. 10. sol (us). 12. acrostic. 13. geometry. 15. rib. 19. ear *rev.* 20. A.A. 21. R.N.R. 23. cash. 25, 41. eirenicon. 26. crate *rev.* 29. Mann. 30. once *rev.* 34. gai. 35. A(meric)a.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE

Doubts having been expressed as to Colonel Blotto's competence, he was sent for by his General.

"Here," said the General "is a little problem for you.

"There are four fortresses in the mountains. They are occupied by three hostile units. The distribution of these units among the four fortresses is not known.

"You are in command of four units. You are to issue orders for the immediate occupation therewith of one or more of the mountain fortresses.

"Points will then be awarded on the following basis:

"If in any fortress you have more units than the enemy (or if you have one unit or more in a fortress not occupied by the enemy) you will count one point for possession of the fortress and one point, where the enemy is in occupation, for every unit in the outnumbered enemy force.

"If in any fortress you have fewer units than the enemy, points will be counted against you on exactly the same basis.

"If in any fortress you and the enemy have the same number of units, neither side scores as far as that fortress is concerned.

"A unit cannot be divided, either by you or by the enemy.

"Your object will be to issue such orders as will secure to you a maximum expectation of points."

What orders should Colonel Blotto give? And what are the odds, if he gives the right orders, against his actually losing points?

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

The Professor has six daughters.

A number of solvers overlooked the fact that the Professor's daughters had "no option" as to the stall at which they spent their money. This rules out *five* as a possible solution.

The Ace of Spades.—Correct solutions received from: Sir M. S. Amos, B. Brewster, Marion Cockerell, S. H. J. Cox, G. B. Courtier, A. L. J., S. T. Milne, J. H. Norris, G. L. Thomas, R. A. Usborne, A. G. Ogilvie, and H. V.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE BANK RATE AND EXCHANGE POLICY—NEW ISSUES AND THE SMALL INVESTOR—CENTRAL ELECTRICITY BOARD—AN APOLOGY

THERE is a wild rumour current in the City that the Governor of the Bank has become "bullish." Those who who are in close touch with the silence of the Bank of England deprecate this slight upon the constancy of Mr. Montagu Norman but find it difficult to explain a third reduction in Bank rate within four weeks. There is no reason, as far as I can see, why we should question the traditional policy of the Bank of England, which is to consider first and foremost the stability of the sterling exchange. We are, of course, grateful for a 3½ per cent. Bank rate. Cheaper money has already revived the long-term capital market and speeded up the borrowing of big utility and industrial enterprises, which is a first essential for a recovery in domestic trade. But there is no evidence to show that cheaper borrowing at home is anything but incidental to the Bank's exchange policy. There is, in fact, every reason to believe that the primary object of the successive reductions in Bank rate has been to deter foreigners from depositing their money in London. If the relations between the Treasury and the Bank of England are closer, as Mr. Montagu Norman once told a meeting at the House of Commons, than the relations between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, it may be assumed that what the Bank of England does to-day the Government will think to-morrow.

* * *

Mr. Chamberlain, in his studiously vague speech on the Financial Emergency Enactments Bill, felt unable to say what was to be the ultimate rate for sterling or when was to be the time for the stabilisation of the pound. He merely confessed that he was not attracted to a managed currency, that he thought we must link our currency again to a metallic base, and that he did not see any better basis than gold "which in the past served us well." This is all very depressing. It is obvious that Mr. Chamberlain has not thought very much about currency questions. Otherwise he would have known that every currency in these days has to be a managed one and that gold served us well in the past because it was in effect a sterling standard which we worked according to our own enlightened rules. And there is really no need to relink our currency to a metallic base if we are bold enough to declare that our monetary policy is to stabilise sterling on the index of wholesale prices—when we have brought that index back to the 1929 level by controlled inflation, or, if you prefer to call it, by anti-deflationist measures. If we can read anything between the lines of Mr. Chamberlain's speech, it is the policy of the Government to allow sterling to appreciate gradually to the "desired" level (at a guess, around $3.90) at which, with the help of the tariffs, the international account is likely to be balanced. The higher the tariff, the higher the possible level for stabilisation. (Tariffs will always work against the export trades.) But all these plans are liable to be upset by foreign speculation. Suppose the French elections go sharply in favour of the "Left"—that the French capitalist gets even more scared of his own country than he is to-day under M. Tardieu and seeks blindly a safe refuge in sterling. Is the Government willing to see the effects of their beloved tariffs wiped out by a precipitate rise in the pound to $4.86? There is really no safe way out of this currency trouble other than the absolute renunciation of the gold standard.

* * *

The boom in the gilt-edged market has bestowed big premiums upon the recent issues of Home Corporations, the Central Electricity Board, Port of London Authority, Metropolitan District and Metropolitan Railways, as the following table will show :—

	Int. Dates.	Issue Price.	Yield % at Issue Price.	Present Premium.	Current Yield %.
Croydon 5%, 1950/60 ..	1/MN	100	£5 0 0	4⅞	£4 15 5
Poole 5%, 1957/72	30/MS	100½	£4 19 8	8¼	£4 16 5
Central Electricity Board 5%, 1955/75	1/AO	95	£5 5 3	6	£4 19 0
Metropolitan District Rly. 5%	1/JJ	97½	£5 2 6	5¼	£4 17 2
Metropolitan Railway 5%, 1957/62	15/JJ	97½	£5 2 6	2½	£5 0 0
Port of London Authority 5%, 1950/70	1/JD	101½	£4 18 7	2¾	£4 16 0

It would appear that borrowing by first-class industrial undertakings has already been cheapened by ¼ per cent. I would like to add my voice to the chorus of indignation which has been raised by City Editors who have a heart for the interests of the small investor. The issuing houses, overwhelmed by their successes, have apparently decided that the small investor is not worth bothering about. For example, applications for the £2,000,000 Port of London Authority issue totalled £50,000,000 and applications under £2,000 were ruled out. This is typical of recent allotments. It is in the national interest that the small investor should be encouraged to apply for the first-class investment issues. Moreover, he is really the backbone of the investment business, although he is inarticulate, ignorant, and so often stupid. The small investor entails a lot of extra work, but some issuing houses in the past have made a point of giving him preference. If this is too much to expect, there is no excuse for not treating all applications alike.

* * *

As the first great "socialised" industrial undertaking in this country the Central Electricity Board, when it makes a report, deserves our full attention. The fourth annual report (1931) contains 30 pages of text, 8 pages of statistics, 28 photographs and 2 maps. This sets a fine example to private enterprise in the matter of enlightened publicity. Some interesting statistics are given in this report. The decline in the consumption of electricity by British industries during 1931 was more than made good by the extension of domestic and commercial supplies, with the result that the national production of electricity increased by about 4.5 per cent. Great Britain was the only industrial country to show an increase in electrical consumption last year. The Central Electricity Board has now adopted nine schemes for the centralisation of generation at "selected" stations and the interconnection of these "selected" stations by means of transmission lines which we call "the grid." Only the North of Scotland scheme remains to complete the national system. The nine schemes adopted cover 98.2 per cent. of the total population and 97.5 per cent. of the present output of electricity. The Central Electricity Board has powers to borrow up to £50 millions and at the end of last year had received the consent of the Electricity Commissioners to the raising of £32.7 millions —£25.2 millions for the "grid" and £7.5 millions for the standardisation of frequency. Including the £7 millions issue last month it has now borrowed £24,862,500 of its authorised £32.7 millions. The Board has not yet published a revenue account, but when "the grid" system is working its revenues will be derived from the sale of current to the companies working the "selected" stations at a price to cover the cost of generation and the interest and sinking fund charges on the Board's stocks. As regards the money borrowed for the standardisation of frequency, the Board has power to recover from the Electricity Commissioners the interest and sinking fund charges and the Commissioners in turn have power to recover by a levy on the whole of the electricity supply industry in Great Britain. We can fairly be proud of our Central Electricity Board. It is a great undertaking which could not have been carried through by private enterprise.

* * *

I owe an apology to my Jewish friends and readers. In commenting last week on the alleged "bear" operations in Kreuger & Toll shares, I hinted darkly at an American or French syndicate of Hebrew origin. Nothing was further from my thought than to refer disrespectfully to Jews. I had information suggesting that a "bear raid" on Kreuger & Toll securities had in fact been carried out by American-French-Jew financiers. Part of my information was wrong. A French banker has actually been arrested on a charge of breach of duty in connection with a loan on Kreuger & Toll participating debentures but his name—Jacques Barrault—indicates that he is a common or garden Frenchman. According to *The Financial News*, the story is that Mr. Hoagman, a well-known Swedish banker and an intimate friend of Ivar Kreuger, wanted to borrow 20,000,000 fcs. He approached M. Barrault who undertook to grant a loan of 15,000,000 fcs. for a period of eighteen months. Mr. Hoagman then deposited several million francs' worth of Kreuger & Toll participating debentures with M. Barrault, as part guarantee, which M. Barrault either sold or lent to a Wall Street "bear" syndicate for a "bear raid" on the Kreuger & Toll market. Mr. Hoagman, having discovered last December that the securities which he lodged with M. Barrault had turned up in New York for an evil purpose, lodged a complaint with the police and the investigation which followed led to the arrest of M. Barrault. Two other bankers have now been arrested on the charge of complicity in the alleged Barrault plot; the police refuse to disclose even their Christian names.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH.	DIRTY WORK.	Wed.
GAIETY.	HOLD MY HAND.	W., S. & Easter Mon.
HIPPODROME.	BOW BELLS.	Wed., Thurs., Sat. & Easter Mon.
QUEEN'S.	CARAVAN.	Sat., April 2.
ST. MARTIN'S.	PRECIOUS BANE.	Tu., April 5.
STRAND.	IT'S A GIRL.	Wed., Thur.
WESTMINSTER.	TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.	Wed., Sat., Easter Mon.
WYNDHAM'S.	THE GREEN PACK.	W., S. & 28.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404.
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RALPH LYNN in
DIRTY WORK.

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WHITE HORSE INN.
At 2.30 and 8.15. (April 23rd Last Night.)

GAIETY. Evgs., 8.15. Mats. W. & S., 2.30. Tem. 6991.
HOLD MY HAND,
with STANLEY LUPINO,
JESSIE MATTHEWS, SONNIE HALE.

THEATRES—(*Contd*).

HIPPODROME. London. GER. 0648.
8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., & Easter Mon., 2.30.
A New Revue. *BOW BELLS.*
Binnie Hale, Nelson Keys,
Andre Randall, Harriet Hoctor, Robert Hale.

QUEEN'S. (Ger. 9437.) Tuesday next at 8.
(Subsequently 8.30.) 1st Mat., Sat., April 2, 2.30.
CARAVAN.
By Carl Zuckmayer. Adapted by Cicely Hamilton.
MAISIE GAY. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Tem. 1443). Tu., March 31, 8.30.
PRECIOUS BANE.
GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES.
First Matinee Tuesday, April 5 at 2.30.

STRAND. (Smoking). 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
IT'S A GIRL.
LESLIE HENSON. SYDNEY HOWARD.
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WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283.) Adm. 2/5 to 9/-.
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TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.
By James Bridie (Author of *The Anatomist.*)
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Mr. ANGUS WILSON: "Lighting" (Demonstrations.)
Sunday, April 3rd, 3.30 *p.m.*
Mr. GEOFFREY WHITWORTH: "The Ideal Spectator."
Thursday, April 7th, 5.15 *p.m.*
Mr. ASHLEY DUKES: "Production from the Author's Point of View."
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THE CRISIS OF THE AGES

EVERY thinking man is enquiring the cause of the universal chaos in which we find ourselves involved.

ELEMENTS OF THE CRISIS.

Things seemed to be going well with the world during the first decade of the present century. Then came the Great War of 1914-18. Who shall estimate the cost of the madness of these tragic years?

The 4th August, 1914, will be marked in the deepest colour in history. Every day of the succeeding four years was a long-drawn agony for the world; a day was as a year.

The 11th November, 1918, will long be remembered for the cessation of the strife. What a silence settled on land and sea at the order "Cease fire"!

1.—A GENERATION LOST.

The terrible struggle wiped out a generation. In due course that generation should have taken the place of their fathers. Failing them the seniors have perforce carried on beyond their time, and youth will find itself thrust into harness without the guiding influence of the wise elder brother.

2.—AN OVERSTRAINED GENERATION.

The War left an overtired and overstrained generation, wearied "even unto death"; and those who should have taken up the burden were gone.

The War generation has continued to be obsessed with the great horror. Nothing else mattered when the War was on. Nothing else could hold the attention of that generation after the War was over. Those remaining of that generation are still taken up with the War, and are spending the remaining days in striving to make war impossible, instead of facing new conditions of instant importance. The War-time generation will never be able to free itself from the obsession. It is because of this that other great happenings have passed across the stage of history during and since the War and have received little notice.

Even greater things than the War have taken place during and since the period of the War.

3.—THE FALL OF EMPIRES.

The whole of the Continental Empire system passed away. From the Empire of Babylon to the Empires of modern Europe and Asia, this system had endured for 2,520 years, from 603 B.C. to A.D. 1918.

Had the minds of men been free to note the facts these great happenings would have rocked the world as with a cosmic explosion. As things were, the minds of the people were too dazed with the terror and the suffering of the Great War, and the dread of a recurrence of it, to realise what a colossal thing had happened to the world. We now take up the files of the Daily Press of those dark days and we find reported that:—

In 1912 came the crash of the Chinese Empire, and the sweeping revolution which threw nearly a quarter of the world's inhabitants into chaos.

In 1913 the second Balkan War obscured the great issue in China by its threat of world war.

In 1914 the Great War began to unfold its dread course.

In 1917 the Revolution in Russia and the crash of the Russian Empire took place. But still the world was too much filled with the din of war to see farther than that this would release German armies from the Eastern front, and precipitate them on the hard-pressed Western front.

In 1918.—The Turkish Empire went to pieces.

In 1918.—the Austrian Empire broke up.

In 1918.—The German Empire came to an end.

In 1918.—The whole Empire system ended.

But the world was too busy trying to settle the terms of peace after the Great War and to apportion war debts and reparations to realise the implications of these things.

We now realise that the present dislocation is largely due to the chaos which has supervened from the fall of the Empires and the Empire system as a whole.

4.—COLLAPSE OF ECONOMIC STRUCTURE.

Consequent upon the fall of the Empires, and as a result of the terrific expenditures in connection with the Great War, the whole economic structure of the Continents of Europe and Asia, which was built up under, and formed part of, the Empire system, collapsed.

Russia repudiated her pre-War debts. She is the only nation which deliberately took the way of dishonour. Chinese values shrank. The franc was deflated. The German mark fell to zero. Turkish responsibilities ended. And so the story of ruin and failure was written in the agony of many people.

5.—TRADE DEPRESSION.

Trade and commerce suffered as financial values suffered by the fall of the Empires and by the expenditures and destructions of the War.

Trade and commerce with China came almost to an end.

Trade and commerce with Russia ceased.

Trade and commerce with Turkey halted.

Trade and commerce with Austria, Hungary, and the countries associated with them came to an abrupt end when the Empire fell.

Trade and commerce with France suffered, as with Italy and our other Allies.

When trade revived it was one-sided, consisting of imports to Britain, and restraint of British exports.

The result of all these calamities has been that economic disaster and industrial depression have spread like a blight all over the world, and the unemployed are to be numbered by tens of millions in the world of 1932.

Deflation of currency, and the passing of the gold standard, mark the present condition of world affairs.

6.—THREAT OF FURTHER WARS.

In Geneva the world is meeting, talking of disarmament, while great nations in Europe and Asia are enrolling men on an unprecedented scale for peace-time establishment, and are training them to arms.

In the meantime, in the North Pacific the highly trained and powerful kingdom of Japan suddenly launched itself upon China, in Manchuria, and at Shanghai.

The world has been surprised at the stubborn resistance and skill in arms manifested by China. It is an ominous thing that such a hitherto industrious and peaceful people as the Chinese should develop the spirit of war and the skill to wage it with a first-class Power. Anxiety is felt in all quarters lest, while peace is being talked in Geneva, war should develop on a large scale in the Far East.

The Daily Press carries the information that Russia is massing troops on her Far-Eastern frontier. For instance, approximately a quarter of a million men at the one point, Vladivostock.

Again the wires bring a message of a movement which may have no significance, and which at most is only a precautionary measure, that Washington has ordered the entire strength of the United States Navy into the Pacific.

We need not pursue such omens further, but we point out that there seems to be a danger that added to the economic chaos there may be the burden of war once more.

Is there any explanation of all these things? Is there any way out of this frightful confusion? Is there any prevision which will point to an end of the present confusion and the specific dawn of a new day?

THE RECONSTRUCTION.

I.

There is a VOICE which gives the explanation of these things, and tells us the way out. It is a voice which has been tested in a thousand ways, and over thousands of years, with never a misstatement nor failure. Therefore we invite all thinking people to attend to what that voice is telling us of world affairs, past and future, but what is of more importance to us, the nature of our present troubles, AND THE WAY OUT.

II.— IT IS THE VOICE OF GOD CONCERNING THE COMING WORLD ORDER

speaking through the medium of the Bible.

According to the instruction thus received we know that:—

GOD HAS DETERMINED TO ESTABLISH IN THE EARTH A PERFECT WORLD ORDER, AND A PERFECT ADMINISTRATION OF THE SAME.

The consummation thus planned shall come into force "in the last days." And these are the last days.

Continued on next page

III.—THE WORKING MODEL.

In preparation for such a world order God provided, first, a people; secondly, a Kingdom organisation founded upon that people; and, thirdly, a perfect system of law for the government of that people, and through them, of the world. God made Himself the life and centre of that organisation.

The Divine Social Order so to be established is built first on the individual—then on the family—and on these is founded the State. It is the antithesis of Communism, it is not Socialism, neither is it Capitalism. It is the Household and Kingdom of God.

The history of God's movement in that direction extends over three thousand five hundred years. There was much to be done. To carry mankind, even a chosen and trained family of mankind, with Him, without putting force upon their wills, was necessarily a slow work on account of slow-moving humanity.

In the twentieth century B.C. the first step in this programme was taken, viz.: the selection and call of Abram, and the development and establishment of his family as the "seed" destined to work out the new social order. Vested in that family were the basic covenants for the new world order. In the meantime these great charters so given to "our forefather Abraham and his seed forever" form the basis of our faith, and of our national and racial existence. They are of more value to our nations and to the world, spiritually, nationally, and economically than all other charters put together. The covenants deal with:—1. The people; 2. The faith; 3. The law—and the Gospel; 4. The nation as such; 5. The King and his throne; 6. Territories; 7. Government; 8. Administration; 9. Land holdings; 10. Trade, commerce, industry, wealth, health, happiness, and so on.

In the fifteenth century B.C., by Ussher's Chronology—which is near enough for our purpose—God established the system in His newly constituted nation Israel. This was a working model of the world order ultimately to be made universal. At the same time the whole constitution of the system was committed to writing in the Scriptures under manifestly Divine inspiration.

In the eleventh century B.C. God established the House, Throne and family of David to administer the system in Israel and Judah, or one of them, for ever. That house and dynasty has had a continuous succession to King George V. and will continue "till He come," *i.e.*, our Lord Jesus Christ, Who will assume the throne and hold it for ever.

In 975 B.C. God separated the nation Israel into the two nations Israel and Judah. They have never been reunited. They will be united in the not-distant future, and Judah will become once more and for ever a leading tribe in Israel.

IV.—THE MODEL KINGDOM REMOVED.

In the period between 740-721 B.C. Israel, having rebelled against the Divine system, was separated temporarily from it, and was sent out among the nations; and thence into a new place of their own, until seven full times of punishment had passed over them = 2,520 years, ending in A.D. 1780-1799. Judah also was expatriated and scattered under a similar term from 603-587 B.C. to A.D. 1917-1936.

V.—NEW KINGDOM SET UP.

In 1000 B.C. et seq. a colony of Israelites, known as the ancient British, the Erse, the Scots, &c., had in the meantime been led to these British Isles, and to them was given the Kingdom in charge. The House and Throne of David came to these in the sixth century B.C. To these have since come, under different names by waves and stages, the bulk of the Ten-Tribed house of Israel.

VI.—PREACHING OF THE KINGDOM REPLACES MODEL.

From this time forward (740 B.C.) the GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM was more abundantly preached, and more fully written in the Bible and other literature, notwithstanding the people had been removed. The object of this preaching and writing was, and is, to prepare the public mind and heart for the time of the establishment of the Kingdom as the new world order among all nations. St. Peter in the Pentecost sermons called it "the times of restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets since the world began."

The major Prophets never spoke so clearly as at the time of the people's separation from the Kingship and the Kingdom in Palestine. Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel and the other minor Prophets rang out those messages which Divine Providence has preserved to this day. Their prophecies cover the coming of Jesus Christ the Redeemer; and all the then future periods of Israel-British history down to the present day, and carry still farther to the Second Coming of Jesus Christ to reign.

JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD TOOK UP AND CARRIED FORWARD THE KINGDOM MESSAGE.

JESUS CHRIST OUR REDEEMER WENT TO THE CROSS IN ORDER TO REDEEM ISRAEL; AND IN ORDER TO MAKE ATONEMENT FOR MANKIND IN THE COSMIC COURT OF ETERNAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Thus the Gospel of Redemption for the nation, and salvation for the individual was organised and preached. The Apostles glorified it in their highly spiritual yet practical Kingdom and Salvation messages.

St. John concluded the story in a blaze of glory, in the last Book of the Bible "Revelation" showing the final triumph of the Kingdom on earth.

This has been the theme of every informed Christian to this day.

The preaching campaign stretches from the time of the major Prophets to the present day. So we see a time set apart to Bible making; a time set apart to Bible preaching; and now emerging a time for the practice of the Bible plan of social order.

VII.—CHARTERING CONTINENTAL EMPIRES FOR 2,520 YEARS OF WORLD RULE.

When the Israel people ceased to carry on the administration and practice of the Divine World Order, they were sent into captivity, and a new branch of the inhabitants of the world was promoted to take up world rule. God indicated by the testimony of Daniel that the sceptre of world rule should pass from one people to another, until practically all the chief races of men should have a chance to try their hand at world rule.

The successive dynasties indicated in the Bible came in due succession and at the time indicated in prophecy; even the events of to-day were foretold fully and clearly. Let us note the prophecies, and see how they have turned into history without change or amendment.

Each succeeding dynasty tried out at least one system of world order or rule.

Babylon . . . tried unlimited autocracy and failed.

Persia . . . tried limited autocracy. The King could make the law but could not change it; the law once made was greater than the King.

Greece . . . tried military dictatorship.

Rome . . . tried all experiments, from democracy to unlimited autocracy, including Republicanism, bureaucracy and limited monarchy. Rome crashed in the seventh century A.D.

Then arose:—

In Europe; Papal power; and
The Empire of Charlemagne
,, ,, Philip of Spain
,, ,, Napoleon of France
,, ,, The Hapsburgs of Austria
,, ,, The Hohenzollerns of Germany.

In Asia; Mohammedan power; and
The Empire of the Arabs
The Mogul Empire
The Manchu Empire
The Turkish Empire
Russia-in-Asia.

These Empires all passed in 1918 or before. Papal and Moslem temporal powers have become but nominal entities.

The above combination, religious and secular, is named "BABYLON THE GREAT" in the Book of Revelation, and its moral, administrative, and economic collapse which this generation has witnessed is there prewritten. See Revelation, Chapters XVII., XVIII.

So all nations were given the opportunity to try their hand at world rule, and all alike failed, as all must fail but God. For human Government has become too great a task for human wisdom.

Now the time for experiments is passed. The Lord takes over world rule.

All this is in exact accord with the time-table furnished in the Bible ages ago, and placed in our hands as soon as we were able to read. Why we are not taught this most important of all knowledge in the schools it is for us to question. Why we are not causing our children to be taught the Word of God in the schools God will ask us by and by.

VIII.—WORLD RULE NOW REVERTS TO THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

The Empires are gone. Continental Empire economics have crashed. There can be no restoration on a permanent basis until a world order has emerged

Continued on next page

to take the place of the vanished Empires and their economic system.

BUT WHAT SYSTEM SHALL TAKE THE PLACE OF THE EMPIRES?

If there is to be peace it must be THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

With all the emphasis of which we are capable we give warning, that peace conferences notwithstanding, and in spite of all the peace efforts the British and other Governments can make, the world is in the grip of a question which will not be peaceably settled.

BRITAIN MUST PROCEED WITH THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

It is not within the province nor the power of the "three estates of the realm," even if supported by the will and voice of all the people, to avoid this destiny. For this purpose we as a people were called and organised thirty-five hundred years ago. For this purpose we have been kept in training during all the intervening ages. For this purpose our generation was born, as our predecessors were and our successors will be. We are agents in the hand of Almighty God.

During the period of the Continental Empire rule, our position was that of a kingdom in abeyance; ruling within itself, exercising a balance of power among the other nations, shepherding them along the predetermined lines according to the Divine Plan. We did this ignorantly but effectively nevertheless.

Now we are called by a voice which will not be denied to take the lead in the direction of universalising the Kingdom of God. Every step we take, willingly or under pressure of circumstances, will be in this direction.

IX.—RIVAL KINGDOM OF THE SPIRIT OF EVIL.

But the spirit of evil will marshal all his forces, Satanic and human, to prevent the accomplishment of this task.

We have indicated that God himself—manifested as Jehovah the King of Israel—has been following along the lines of a predetermined and widely published plan.

In our last Manifesto we pointed out that the spirit of evil had also a plan, along the lines of which his activities have manifested themselves through ages of history, especially in the French Revolution, reproducing itself in the Russian Revolution, and now agitating the world to bring about a world revolution.

These activities have shown themselves in negative form, namely, in the overthrow of existing institutions and the undermining of the existing social order.

Since the War the activities of the spirit of evil have begun to manifest themselves in constructive form, namely, the institution of a communistic state.

Those who know the history of the American Continent prior to the advent of the individualist white race, and the history of the Maoris in New Zealand, the history also of the communistic races of the South Seas, will know that communism is not a new experiment, for it has held nearly half the world in its grip. They will also know that every race which became communised fell to the very lowest ebb of social order.

The process was not completed with the Maoris, and therefore they did not fall so low in the scale as other communistic races. The process is now reversed among the Maoris, and as individualists they are increasing in numbers and influence.

X.—ORGANIZED COMMUNISM.

By purchasing and reproducing the most up-to-date equipment of individualist nations; by seizing the national organisation of individualist Russia; by making use of such wealth as it can obtain from individualist countries through the sale of communistically produced merchandise to them, communistic Russia is mobilising the national forces and resources of Russia, and is reaching out after the national forces and resources of all other nations it can entangle, to bring together overwhelming economic and military forces to establish the kingdom of the spirit of evil on the basis of communistic doctrine throughout the world.

This great force, which has spread to all lands, which has its executive centre in Moscow, but whose secret supreme council is elsewhere, is in deadly and ultimate earnest to seize the opportunity of replacing the Continental Empire system with a world-wide communistic organisation.

No reasonings, no pleadings will turn the spirit of evil aside from his opportunity.

The question as to whether the Kingdom of God or the kingdom of the spirit of evil shall dominate the world will ere long be settled for ever on the blood-stained battlefields of the Near East.

XI.—THE SUPREME STRUGGLE—RUSSIA VERSUS THE ANGLO-SAXON WORLD.

We now turn to our pre-written history to be found alone in the Bible, and we find the rival combinations to be as follows:—

THE CELTO-SAXON
Sheba
Dedan
The merchants of Tarshish (Britain) and all the young lions thereof.

Versus

RUSSIAN COMBINATION
Gog and Magog (Russia)—Meshech and Tubal, or in modern form Moscow and Tobolsk, Persia—Ethiopia and Libya, Gomer and all his bands, Togarmah of the North, and all his bands.

See Ezekiel XXXVIII.

Those who wish to read from the standpoint of the Divine Throne the result of the great conflict, as it will in due time be reported by the Press from the standpoint of the Throne of Britain, may read the former in the 38th and 39th chapters of the prophecies by Ezekiel. In reading it he may expect this, that as the passing generation was disturbed by the War which marked the crash of the Continental system of Empires, so the young generation now coming on, and probably we who remain of the old, will witness the marvellous spectacle of the smashing of the Communist system and the banishing of its ideal from the earth for ever. It will be the world's last War; indeed, it will be the last phase of the Great War.

These things having passed, as storms of war do pass, the Celto-Saxon world will find itself, and that perhaps within the present decade, with the task of making the Kingdom of God universal in the earth.

XII.—OUR TASK: TO REORGANISE THE KINGDOM.

As the establishment of the Kingdom of God is our Celto-Saxon destiny and task, what then is the evident course for the Celto-Saxon world to follow?

We are the agents of the Lord God of Israel, prepared for this very crisis of the ages to inaugurate in its fullness the Kingdom of God as the one universal Kingdom in the earth. It is our duty to review our personal, national and racial contact with the God of our Fathers.

All our long history demonstrates that God is a Person. He is the Creator and Sustainer of the earth and the Disposer of the men and things which are in it. God has inalienable rights in the world of men and things. But this generation has ignored or denied these rights. God has been excluded from an active voice and share in the government of His own Kingdom.

Parliament assumes all the rights of Almighty God to make and abrogate laws at will in the political field.

"The City," representing all the financial interests of the Kingdom, leaves God out in matters of financial administration.

Notwithstanding heroic courage in war this generation is acting as though it were the victim of spiritual cowardice. The fires of the Reformation have been allowed to die out. The flame of true revival has been suffered to die down. It is "bad form" to manifest a robust spirituality in action.

If these things are true even in part, then we require to change our attitude. We must arm ourselves with courage as a spiritual generation called to excel in spiritual tasks and to conquer in a warfare against spiritual agencies. To this end we must get back into personal touch individually and nationally with God, the source of spiritual energy.

XIII.—OUR STRENGTH LIES "IN THE NAME OF GOD."

There is for us a latent power in the Name of God with which we are endowed. That Name accomplishes that which seems to be marvels. But the workings of the Name of God—Jehovah—are in the spiritual and mental worlds what the working of the sun is in the botanical world. The latter gives life to the plant, it colours the leaf, it paints in all its beauty the lily and every other flower. It stores the fruit with life-giving substance, it diffuses life to man and beast and flower.

The Name of God operates in the individual and transforms the ordinary into the extraordinary. It operates in the nation and energises it for service, for administration, for true leadership of nations, and above all perhaps, for defence.

The Name of God transforms enemies into friends, and contestants into co-operating fellow-workers.

The Name of God, placed by God Himself on our individual and national life, arms us and the nation with an INFLUENCE which will go farther than military and naval power, farther than diplomatic service. It will bring all nations running to us as a centre of peace and prosperity "because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel for He hath glorified thee."

But the operation of the Divine power latent in the NAME OF GOD depends on our obedience to His Law.

XIV.—WE MUST RECODE AND PURIFY THE LAW.

Especially is it necessary that we should return to the economic laws of the Bible. It has always been an axiom of our faith from the beginning that our well-being and prosperity depend upon the co-operation and the blessing of God. This is a doctrine most positively taught in the Bible, with an abundance of historic illustration.

The Lord has covenanted to bless us in all our sources of wealth on condition that we will obey His Commandments, Statutes and Judgments. There can be no halt or failure in the keeping of His Covenant on the part of the Lord our God, provided we fulfil our part of the Covenant. This Covenant made with our nation and company of nations, and with all Israel, is more fixed than Magna Charter or the Bill of Rights.

It is a matter of practical financial importance that we should enquire, what are the Laws which we are covenanted to obey?

First among them is the Law of the Sabbaths.

Incorporated in the Sabbath Law is the Statute of release, or, as we now call it, the Statute of Limitations. Under this

Continued on next page

law every debt is released at the end of the sixth year of the Sabbatic period of seven years. The shadow of this original statute is still to be recognised in our Law Court procedure. But only the shadow remains. We should return, nay, we must return to that law. (*See Deuteronomy XV.*, 1-6.)

Poor Law Relief. This is also one of the basic statutes. God will not tolerate poverty amongst us. It is in His sight a sign of mal-administration of His Kingdom. The law in that regard is also stated in a few words. (*See Deuteronomy XV.*, 7-11.)

The Jubilee law. This contains the basis of our Land Laws, in individual liberty and so on. (*See Leviticus XXV.*)

The remainder of the Laws are clearly enough written for our guidance. We may find a perfect digest of them in the Book of Deuteronomy—literature which repays the reader even by its form and beauty—and in the Sermon on the Mount, our Lord's own digest of the Law.

XV.—HIGH STANDARD OF LIVING.

In the New system, to which we are coming, the Bible economics will be universal. The covenanted result of the change is this: based upon the solemn promise and foretelling of God:—

For Brass .. I will bring .. Gold.
For Iron .. I will bring .. Silver.
For Wood .. I will bring .. Brass.
For Stone .. I will bring .. Iron.

Find the difference between the values of Brass and Gold, and by this difference the Lord covenants to raise the value and increase the volume of our currency under the new system. Find the difference between the values of Iron and Silver, and by so much does He covenant to raise the value of the useful metals. Find the difference between the values of Wood and Brass, and by so much He covenants to enhance the value of our construction material now supplied by wood.

Find the difference between the value of Stone and Iron, and by so much does the Lord undertake to raise the values of our most common building material.

The whole standard of living and enjoyment shall be so raised. We may therefore seek the new order for what it will bring to us, and not fear it for what it will take away.

Men of all professions and of none, let us have the courage of our faith, and in true repentance let us get back to God and to His Law. Let us pray to be endowed with the Name of God.

XVI.—CELTO-SAXON UNION.

The Anglo-Saxon world, that is to say Greater Britain and the United States of America, must get back into political and economic union with each other.

As a race, in A.D. 1600 in Queen Elizabeth's time, we were, all told, a little people of six millions confined to the British Isles. Out of these have sprung the Anglo-Saxon Empire and Anglo-Saxon America.

In 1800 we had become sixteen millions, and had, as a race, possessed ourselves both of the Empire and the United States. At that time we occupied:—British Isles, West Indies, and other South American possessions; Newfoundland; Canada; Gibraltar; Cape of Good Hope; Beginnings of India; Australia; New Zealand, etc.

The United States of America had become a world power among the nations.

In this year of Grace 1932, the Anglo-Saxon world consists of the British Commonwealth of free and equal nations:—British Colonies; British Possessions; British Mandated Territories; British Suzerainties; the United States of America; Alaska; United States Suzerainties; United States Overseas extensions.

Under the two flags there are one hundred and sixty millions of Anglo-Saxons. Under the two flags there are over six hundred millions of people, or one-third of the world's population. Under the two flags there is one-quarter of the land surface of the world. In all these lands and among all these peoples there is peace.

It is manifestly our next task to unify this great fellowship of the Anglo-Saxon race. One hundred and sixty millions of Anglo-Saxons, with added millions of Western Europeans within the commonwealth and more seeking entry! What may not be wrought for the world's benefit by such an amalgamation.

Customs barriers and migration barriers between sections of Anglo-Saxon people should be a thing of the past, as it is now within the United States, within Canada, within Australia, within South Africa. With these barriers removed the Anglo-Saxon spirit and Anglo-Saxon resources would bring about a move forward within the Celto-Saxon world such as has never been visualised as yet in any age.

One God is ours, one Faith, one Revelation, one language, one law, one literature, one Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Let us make it one land, one rule, one economic system, one brotherhood in all things.

It will be a great day for the Celto-Saxon world when the Premiers meet for their Empire Conference. May they realise that they are taking an advance step under the Divine Plan and under the Divine ægis.

It will be a greater day still for the world when the two great branches of the Celto-Saxon world meet at the same table to find a formula for the unifying of the Celto-Saxon race.

XVII.—A WORLD-WIDE COMMONWEALTH.

Let the door be open for the welcome approach of the kindred nations of Israel stock on the Continent. It is manifestly the purpose of Almighty God to bring in all the branches of the Israel people of God who will assimilate with the spirit and faith of the Kingdom. Let us impose no barrier which our Lord does not impose, nor open any door which He closes.

The Mohammedan world, believers in God, will find a golden pathway, and will see the beckoning hand of the God of our common father Abraham.

Let us recognise this great Kingdom centre with gates which never shall be shut day nor night, and into it all the nations will flow.

These might be considered vain dreamings if any twentieth-century thinker originated the plan. It is otherwise, however. The plan for this very development in this very age is set out clearly in the Bible for all to read, and this consummation is even now at the door.

So with ever-widening influence and blessing the Kingdom of God is on its way to universality. The only Domination in it will be the Domination of the Lord God Almighty.

XVIII.—THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

To this Kingdom soon, very soon, Jesus Christ "the Son of Man," Who was born at Bethlehem, Who died for us on Calvary, Who ascended to the right hand of God the Father, will come again. He is pledged to occupy the throne of His Father David, to rule over the House of Jacob for ever, and of His Kingdom there shall be no end.

It is possible and even probable that some of us may see with our eyes and rejoice in our hearts over the return of the King of kings to reign.

This is the Gospel of the Kingdom to which we invite the attention of all. This is the God of our fathers to Whom we are called to return. This is also the Saviour and King of kings, Jesus Christ our Lord, Who seeks to enlist our wholehearted service. May we not all say—

"He shall have mine from this time forth; for He alone is worthy."

We will worship Him in His Church. We will serve Him in his market places. We will work for Him in factory and in field. We will render service for Him wherever we can find a service to be done to our fellow men. We will triumph with Him in the triumph of His Kingdom in the world.

THE CALL.

To this end all lovers of the Kingdom and of God will join in issuing a call for a general rally for the final effort of preaching "this Gospel of the Kingdom." Our Lord declared, as recorded in the 24th of Matthew:—"And this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come." It is the end which ushers in the universal Kingdom of God.

The call goes out to the men of the Churches to make their pulpits ring with the New Testament Gospel of "The Kingdom of God." (Acts XXVIII., 23.)

The call goes out to the leaders of the nation in Church and State, to lead the people of whom they are the appointed shepherds, to return to the God of their fathers and to make a complete dedication of heart and life to God and His Kingdom.

The call goes out to men of learning and influence, to lend their talents and equipment to the service of God and the Kingdom.

The call goes out to the proprietors and men of the Press, to use their talents and space as messengers of God in the cause of the Kingdom.

The call goes out to men of wealth, to dedicate their means for the furtherance of the preaching of the Kingdom of God.

The call goes out to men of labour and industry to put their strength into the Movement.

The call goes out to men and women of faith and prayer, to approach the throne of God in supplication that God will restore to His people the knowledge of His Kingdom, and pour out upon us all His reviving grace.

The above is written by the Rev. Wm. Pascoe Goard, LL.D., F.R.G.S., F.R.E.S., and is published by the British-Israel-World Federation (a great National Movement, in sympathy with the Churches) with the object of making known the Gospel of the Kingdom of God on earth. To that end and so that thereby blessing may come to all men, the co-operation of all people of good will is desired and solicited. We ask that every Church will give us its blessing and sympathetic help and that every organisation which stands for God and His truth will join with us in this campaign.

Enquiries for further information and for literature, including a list of works by many authors which carry this matter further will be welcomed, and should be addressed to:—

The Secretary-General,
The British-Israel-World Federation,
6, Buckingham-gate,
London, S.W.1. (opposite Buckingham Palace).

NOTE by the Secretary-General:—

This Manifesto is in sequence to one published in "The Times" on March 11th, 1931. That and the present MANIFESTO can be obtained in booklet form at the above address.

Dr. Goard will address a meeting on the subject in Westminster Church, Buckingham-gate, S.W., on March 29th at 8 o'clock. By special request he will also address men of the "City" early in April. Notices of time and place will gladly be sent on application.

(*Please keep these pages for reference.*)

(*Advt.*)